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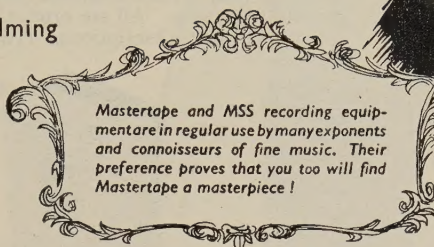
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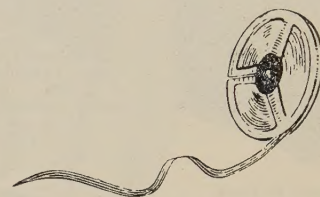
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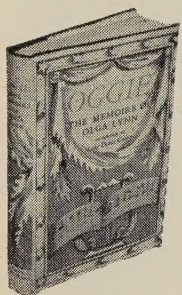
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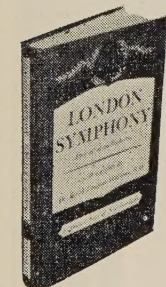
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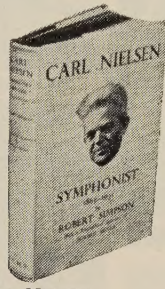
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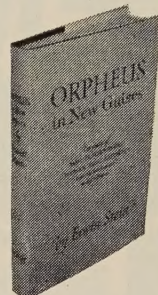
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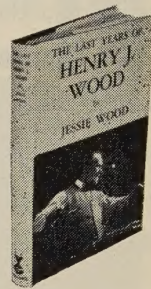
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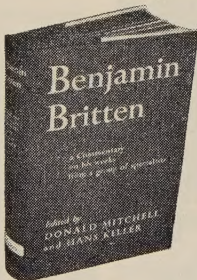
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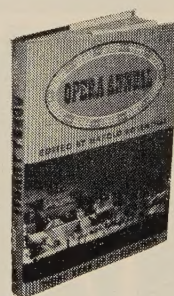
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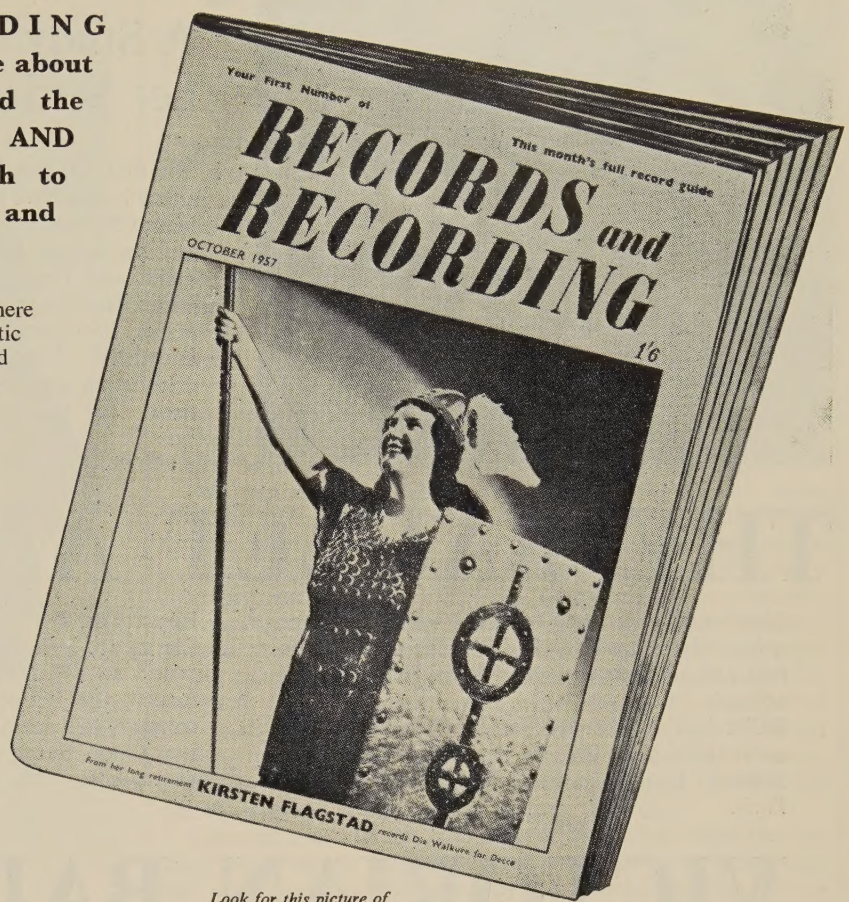
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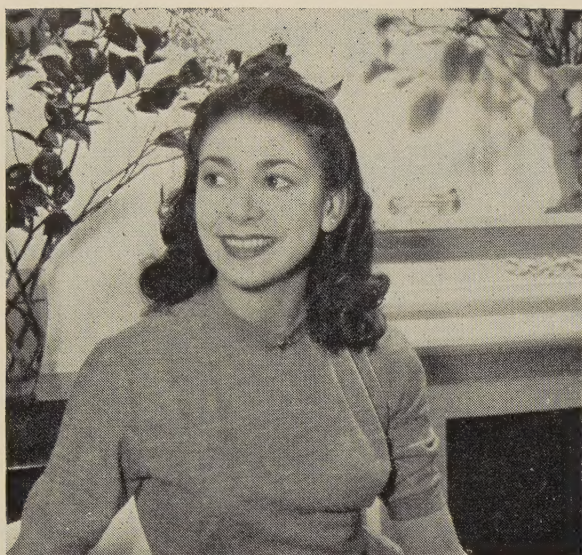
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Reports on these visits by the Editor, Arnold L. Haskell, and Mary Clarke are included in this issue, magnificently illustrated by Roger Wood and Houston Rogers. Mary Skeaping records her visit to Russia, the Editor writes on Ulanova. Other distinguished contributors include Alexander Bland, Peter Brinson, Elsa Brunelleschi, Ivor Guest, Svend Kragh-Jacobsen and Yuri Slonimsky. *Over 120 photographs.* 25s. net. *Just published.*

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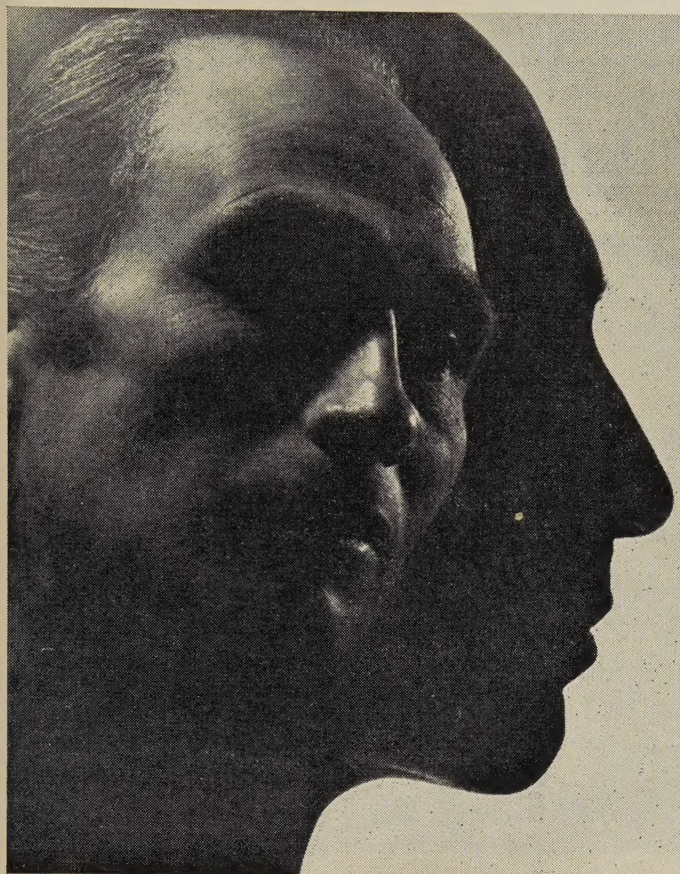
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Limón was born in Mexico 50 years ago next January. At school he seemed destined to become a painter and it was with this end in view that he first went to New York. Here, by chance, he saw a recital by the German dancer Harald Kreutzberg. He instantly recognised his calling, and, at the age of 20, enrolled in the classes of Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman.

Modern dancers serve an apprenticeship quite unlike that found in the classic ballet. They attach themselves to a school or company and work there, often for years, as an apprentice to a master dancer until they feel strong and confident enough to break away and form their own group. Limón worked hard as second dancer in the Humphrey-Weidman group, but it was not until 1940 that he left to form his own company on the West Coast. He was then 32, and had never really had starring rôles. His company was just getting going when the war came, and he found himself drafted into the U.S. Army. After the war he re-formed his company in New York. Doris Humphrey, then retired as a dancer, joined him as artistic director, and together they built up one of the two most famous modern dance groups in the world.

As a choreographer his reputation—in England at least—stands linked with Graham's as the outstanding giants outside the classic field. As a dancer his qualities also rank with the highest. His absolute integrity and belief in what he is doing, his incredible technique (one of the most finely controlled bodies we have seen) and dramatic power, and the innate musicality of his dancing mark him out as one of the first dancers of our time.

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS

Assistant Editor: CLIVE A. BARNES

WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

The "Royal" Division

SOME months ago we welcomed, with certain reservations, the granting of a Royal Charter to the two Sadler's Wells Ballet companies. Everybody at the time was aware that confusion might result as to which company was which; and the muddled way in which the news was announced suggested that those in power were themselves not very clear about the whole position. However, we all sat back and said to ourselves that it would shortly sort itself out somehow. How wrong we were!

Today the situation is even more confused and has frankly become a grave factor in undermining the prestige of both companies, both at home and abroad. We are told that by the end of next year the companies will be so intermingled that there will be no need to differentiate between the two. Let us hope so!

This summer we had the spectacle of the Royal Ballet (formerly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet) touring across Europe, playing splendidly in its own way but gathering such a snowball of fury from audiences expecting to see "Fonteyn's company" that to travel in its wake, even some few months after its passing, has caused embarrassment to British citizens. Because this company was billed as the Royal Ballet, the people of the countries visited naturally assumed that it was to be the company from Covent Garden with Margot Fonteyn. The bracketed "formerly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet" meant nothing to them, nor does it mean much in the British Provinces, particularly when one theatre—inadvertently, no doubt—left out the magic and all-important word "Theatre."

Although this does not quite amount to a gross misrepresentation, many people have considered that they were misled and that the distinction between the two companies was left so unclear as to be contrary to the usual British manner salesmanship.

Unfortunately the Royal Ballet (formerly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet) does not help itself by flatly refusing to be called the "Junior" company or the "Number 2" company. The addition of either of these definitions would make all the difference. Whatever anyone may say, the public mentally still calls this company the "Junior" Sadler's Wells Ballet, which is just what it is.

Proof of this was recently made manifest when this magazine was asked not to write about the company during the opening weeks of its Provincial tour as the dancers, mainly new, were not yet ready to be criticised.

But if a ballet company is prepared to accept money from the public for a public performance, it has placed itself in a position to be criticised in public.

Anyway, whether senior or junior, it is quite time that the status of both Royal Ballet companies was made absolutely clear. This absurd refusal to face up to facts is beginning to undermine even the undoubted triumphs of the Royal Ballet on its progress across the United States.

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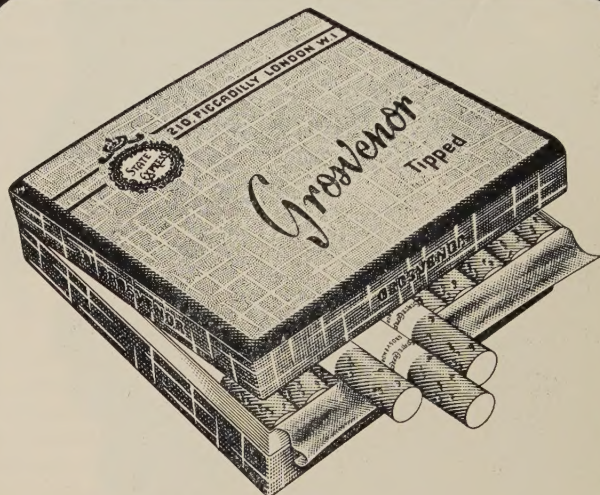
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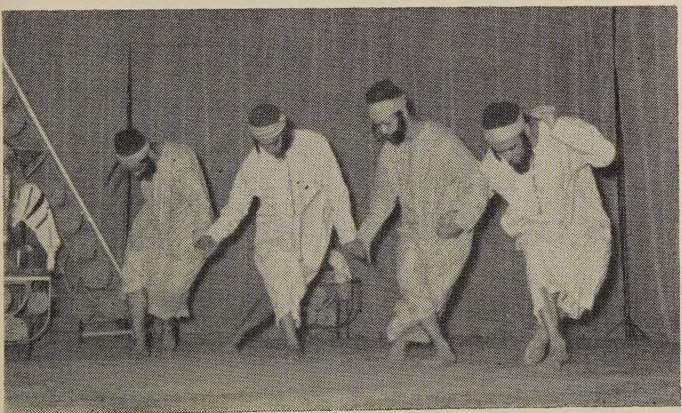
Inbal for London

When Festival Ballet were touring Israel in 1956 they were invited to see Inbal, the National Ballet and Dance Theatre of Israel, which is to appear at Drury Lane and in Britain's provincial cities: here is a description of the company from one of Festival Ballet's soloists:

WHEN Festival Ballet was in Tel Aviv last year, we were invited to see a special performance of Inbal, the National Ballet and Dance Theatre of Israel, which is coming to Drury Lane Theatre in London on October 21 for three weeks, and later making a provincial tour.

This company was founded by Sara Levi-Tanai, its present director, seven years ago. The idea of such a group was to convey the traditional spirit of the Jewish people as expressed by the Yemenites. The style of Inbal's dance is based on the traditional elements of the Yemenite dance. The Yemenites are born singers and dancers, and movement comes to them as a natural and easy expression of their emotions.

When I saw the company it consisted of some 20 dancers between the ages of 17 and 24. Most of them were new immigrants from



ISRAELI SUITE: One of the dances from modern Israel which Inbal is giving during its London season at Drury Lane Theatre.

Yemen, the rest being Israeli of Yemenite parentage. By the time the company reaches London it will possibly be considerably larger than the group I saw 18 months ago.

The word Inbal means "the tongue of the bell" which gives music and colour to a dead shell. The Yemenite immigrants, recently returned to Palestine from a south-west corner of the Arabian peninsula, where they had dwelt in exile for 2,500 years, were determined to retain their individuality and preserve their own rich tradition and customs, enriched by their original proximity to the Orient and Africa.

Sara Levi-Tanai, in much the same way that both Katherine Dunham and Pilar Lopez have developed the art of their respective peoples into a theatrical art, is responsible for the choreography, and has composed and adapted the music from Yemenite sources. The company has played in all the major cities of Israel as well as in the large settlements. It is of great value to Israel's new immigrants, who are, because of language difficulties, precluded from enjoying the ordinary theatre.

One of the most interesting works I saw was *The Yemenite Wedding*, a chapter from Yemenite life based on folklore, which included many colourful scenes from the traditional wedding ceremony. Once the wedding has been arranged, the bride-to-be is taken to the bridegroom's home, where she is given many presents and is entertained by all her friends. She is then instructed in everything she should know, so as to make her husband proud and pleased with her.

The same thing happens with the bridegroom, who is also entertained by his friends and then dressed in preparation for the ceremony. All being ready, the bridegroom is then led into another room where the wedding ceremony is to take place. The bride-to-be is already in the wedding room (seated on a stool). During the whole ceremony she remains like this, while the bridegroom receives the blessing of his father. At one moment he is given a bowl of water in which he has to wash his hands. The reason for this is that in so doing he washes away all traces of his past life and is then clean and ready to start a new life with his bride. Not until the ceremony has finished does he lift the veil from his bride's face and then, with his clean hands, he takes her away to their new home and new life.

The combination of music, dance and drama of Inbal had a profound effect on me, as it did on the whole of Festival Ballet. It should bring a new conception of dance drama to the various capitals of Europe, where it is to play, and to America, where, I understand, Sol Hurok is to take the company next year.

Jeffrey Kovel

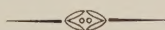
YEMENITE WEDDING (left): Three scenes from the various phases of a Yemenite wedding as given by Inbal. (Top) The bridegroom is presented with gifts and puts on his wedding clothes. (Middle) The bridegroom receives blessings from his father. (Bottom) He is entertained by his male friends.

Photos: Jeffrey Kovel

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MOSCOW '57

Ballet in Moscow and a classical dance competition during the World Festival of Youth

Reviewed by MICHAEL KULLMAN

THANKS to a letter I took with me from DANCE AND DANCERS the World Festival of Youth was for me, at any rate, among other things a festival of ballet. I write "among other things" because even in a specialist paper I cannot but say something of the welcome given us by the Russian people. The Festival was for Moscow what the Coronation had been for London—perhaps something more. I shall never forget how, hurrying to the Hotel Moskva, our taxi got stuck behind several buses carrying Festival visitors being mobbed by a crowd over which the police had given up hope of control. Spotting that I was a foreigner showing every sign of impatience, a little man came up to me and said: "Are you in a dreadful hurry? Forgive us. I am sorry. You see this is the first time our people have met your people. We have to give them a proper welcome. It is not long since we have been freed." He seized my hand again and kissed it. There were tears in his eyes.

The Bolshoi Theatre Ballet performed almost daily throughout the Festival and I was allowed in to about half the performances. I say "allowed in" not "given seats" because such things in Russia are a little complex. It did not, for instance, strike the authorities at the Press centre as at all natural to give seats to a correspondent of a Western ballet paper. A letter from an editor was not valid unless countersigned by the Communist head of the British delegation. By the time I had obtained the requisite countersignature the Press centre had closed its lists. "The Press" turned out to be one of the largest delegations. Its 2,000 members were allotted 67 seats per performance.

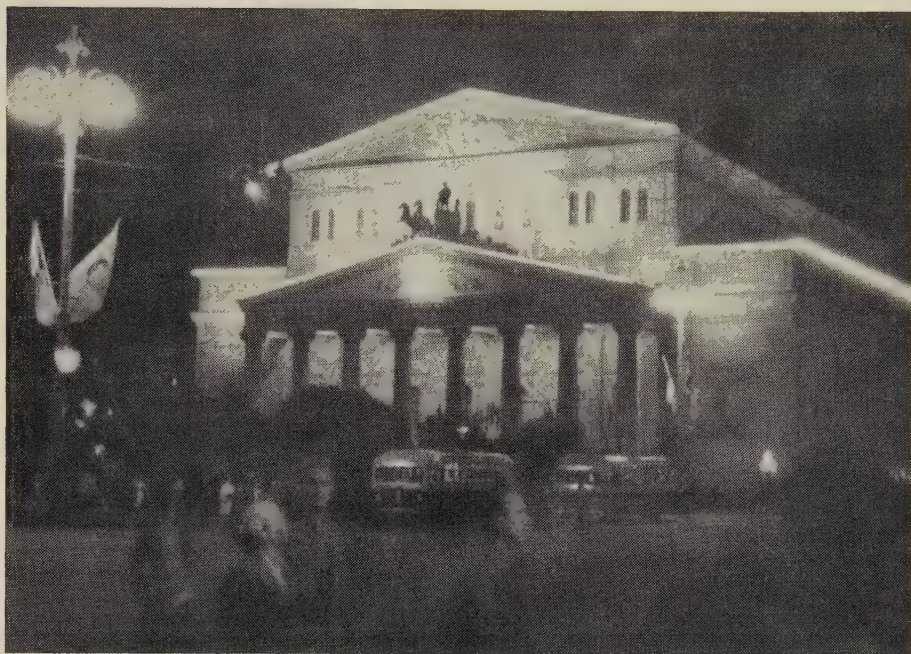
In despair I went to Mr. Chulaki, the Director of the Bolshoi, who was most helpful. He did not give me seats but told me what days I could come. On those days I was to go to door 17—the Administration's entrance (next to door 16, the stage-door) and be led through to the stalls just as the mob of fellow Festival visitors was being let in. In the ensuing rush I usually managed to fight my way to the front.

Chulaki also said I could see a class; but when it came to actually seeing one, his secretary told me there was none on that morning. Outside the Bolshoi I met a dancer I had known when interpreting for the Bolshoi in London. I asked where she was going in such a hurry. "I am late for class," came the reply. The Festival was obviously not the best time for seeing a class.

First impressions

My first impressions of the Bolshoi were musical. I was shown straight from Chulaki's office to a box. Rimma Karelskaya was dancing *Swan Lake*. She was partnered by Zhdanov, whom London had seen as Romeo. Tall and sprightly young Soloviev was dancing the jester like a spinning demon. But my attention was distracted by the sheer wonder of sound that was pouring from the orchestra pit. Under one of its young conductors, Zhemchuzhin, the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra, with its solo violinists, cellists, cornettists and harpists Duloval and Sarajeva, made me discover Tchaikovsky as a symphonic composer of a depth which years of Covent Garden performances had never led me to suspect.

Perhaps one of the secrets to a profound rendering of Tchaikovsky is the Russians' totally different idea of orchestral balance. The orchestra is not led by the strings. Strings and wind instruments have an equal rôle. The result occasionally runs counter to our own orchestral aesthetics. Western ears are unaccustomed to brass *fortissimos* over string *fortes*. We rarely hear unmuted horns, clarinets played



ALL LIT-UP: Moscow's immense Bolshoi Theatre was specially illuminated for the Festival fortnight, ballet and opera performances being given every night. Usually closed for holidays in July, the theatre remained open specially for the Festival. Photo: Michael Kullman

with their bells up, and martial-sounding oboes. But what we gain in tonal refinement we sometimes lose in musical meaning. There is something to be said for a return to the kind of sounds that would have pleased Berlioz.

Ulanova on home ground

On my first night at the Bolshoi I saw *Romeo and Juliet*. Ulanova was partnered by Zhdanov. Sekh replaced Koren as Mercutio. His Queen Mab solo was more eloquent but his death less moving than Koren's. The greatest gain was the veteran Yermolaev's performance as Tybalt. Mature artistry so told in his portrayal of villainy as to make evil assume divine proportions, as in tragedy it sometimes should. The general impression I got from seeing *Romeo and Juliet* on the Bolshoi stage after seeing it several times at Covent Garden was of something which had before been crammed, expanded here to its proper proportions. The cushion dance in particular, led as in London by Alexander Radunsky as Capulet, seemed to attain its full majesty. A great deal more went on in front of the curtain between the scenes.

A creation by Lapauri

During the interval I was lucky enough to meet Eliash, one of the foremost Moscow ballet critics, who also teaches at Gitiz—the Government Institute of Theatrical Arts. He told me of the activity of its faculties (of Drama, of Dramatic Production, of Operatic Production, of Operetta Production, of Choreography, and of History and Criticism). We spoke of Lapauri's new ballet *Danko*, whose première is to take place during the November celebrations. I was intrigued to learn that it would be Lapauri's thesis for a Doctorate (in choreography) of the Institute. The music is by Medtner, who died in London a few years ago, and the theme is taken from a Gorky fairytale. *Danko* (to be mimed by Yuri Hofman), seeing mankind groping its way through darkness, tears his heart out and with it lights the way to . . . "Freedom!" I interrupted. "Happiness!"

I stood corrected. We also talked about Diaghilev.

"Since you are so interested in the history of Diaghilev's exploits," I said, to see how many barriers still stood, "how about inviting someone like Grigoriev, who was with Diaghilev throughout the duration of his company, to give a course of lectures at your Institute?" Eliash seemed unenthusiastic; obviously he could not forgive Diaghilev his great oversight—the understandable failure to build up a school. On other occasions, however, I got enthusiastic assent to the proposition: "What you need is a new Diaghilev to make use of the tremendous reserve of talent" from Moscovites who seemed a little tired of the limited Bolshoi repertoire. I also heard Russian balletomanes complain of the lack of enterprise in the Bolshoi management.

Plisetskaya in the Lake

Several nights later I saw Maya Plisetskaya in *Swan Lake*. She is an artist who achieves a thing that is rare from the moment of her first entrance—absolute dominance. When she is on stage nothing else seems to matter. At first in Act II her movements seemed over-violent and angular: she seemed to be taking undue liberties with, if not choreography, balletic style. An unnecessary number of lifts and hand twistings marred the *pas de deux*, in which she was partnered by Fadeychev. My critical sense was dulled and my heart conquered only at her last moment in the act as she drifted across stage with a look of utter sorrow and anguish.

If her Odette scored only in the fifty-ninth minute, her Odile surpassed all other Odiles. Indeed, before her there are no other Odiles save, perhaps, Dudintseva of Leningrad, whom one saw in a passage of the film *Ballet Trio*, released several years ago. Before the dazzle of Plisetskaya even Fadeychev, dancing his twin variations even better than when in London (if such a thing is possible), seemed commonplace. Odile is Plisetskaya's part as Ulanova's rôles are Juliet and Giselle. I should almost add that

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Plisetskaya was Odile though this might be unkind. But I certainly wish I had seen Plisetskaya in nothing else. At the end of the performance I saw a form of acknowledgment particular to Russian balletomanes. After the bravos and the rhythmic clapping a group of fanatical admirers worked its way to the front of the stalls and started shouting again and again "Pli-setsk-a-ya! Bra-vo!" and Maya Plisetskaya would only then join in the flower battle that was going on between house and stage.

The same rhythmic clapping, the same flower battle, with a ballerina stooping to pick up flowers to hurl back at the audience went on around lunch-time the following Sunday when the scream was "Le-pe-chin-ska-ya! Bra-vo!" Wedged in the front row, and fascinated, I could not but join in. It was an 11 a.m. Sunday morning special Festival performance of *Cinderella*.

Lepechinskaya as Cinderella

In the early scenes Lepechinskaya, in the title rôle, was scarcely noticeable on stage. No burst of applause greeted her entry so much had she assumed, or, in fact, *had in her* the modesty of Cinderella. Given more time, more bars of music which serve as more musical space in which to express themselves, Bolshoi artists, unlike their Western counterparts, never for once fall into the trap of thinking they must always be proving they can dance to the detriment alike of plot and drama. Lepechinskaya, like Ulanova, is nothing until she starts moving. In *Cinderella* she is what she is meant to be in the fairytale until, left alone on stage some 25 minutes after the curtain rises on the first act, she starts day-dreaming by a broom and chair. There and then the magic starts. The audience sees her simplicity of soul in flight.

The first act had its faults. Peter Williams' sets were sometimes messy. The costumes were rather shabby. Little seemed to be gained by devoting a scene to each season that could not be more economically expressed by a distinctive variation as in our version. A general looseness in *port de bras* at the Bolshoi must be mentioned in this connection. The *port de bras* taught at the Bolshoi, with its dropped wrists and excessive fluidity, is uneconomic—like a language with too many consonants. Some of the choreography of the first act seemed undistinguished for this very reason. Zakharov—the choreographer or "balletmaster-producer," as he is styled in the programme, did not make the two Ugly Sisters grotesque. Instead he conveyed their moral and aesthetic ugliness by making everything they did mediocre and disorganised. This was particularly noticeable in the boudoir scene, in which this disorganisation achieved a strong atmosphere affecting everything and everyone on the stage.

The third act, too, had its blemishes. The pseudo-Africa, Spain and Orient, the Prince visited in search of Cinderella, were not entirely redeemed by an exquisitely-contrived "sea-scape" in which the backcloth was shifted to suggest the journey. . . .

But these imperfections were as nothing before the enchantment of the second-act Ball, with its non-stop succession of dances and variations crowned by the haunting waltz theme, danced ideally by Lepechinskaya and her partner, Preobrazhensky, now in his 'fifties but still every inch a prince. The entire second act was one of those moments in ballet in which music, dancing, and décor blend into one, and the age-old dream of the *Gesamtkunstwerk* is for some minutes an experience lived.

The Nutcracker by students

A few days later I saw the Bolshoi Choreographic School Students' performance of *The Nutcracker* in the Bolshoi Filial, or Annexe, whose white and gold auditorium seats more



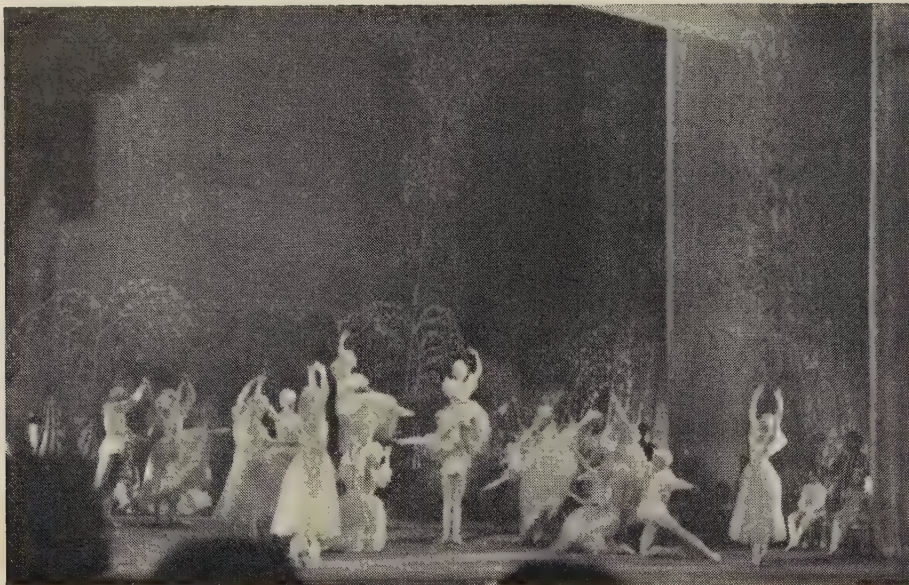
SECOND-YEAR STUDENTS: Some ballet-minded visitors were able to see something of the Bolshoi Ballet School. Another British visitor to the Festival, Glyn Davys, took these pictures in the School classrooms.

than the Bolshoi, but whose stage is of roughly Covent Garden size. Half the 200-strong Bolshoi Orchestra was in the pit under Rozhdestvenski, whilst the other half was playing *Prince Igor* at the Bolshoi itself. I do not think any amount of talk about the Russian soul is sufficient to explain how or why the students of the Bolshoi Theatre's school from the age of six to 18 are capable of putting on something which is, taken as a whole, a far more mature and intelligent performance of a three-act ballet than anything I have seen in most adult companies in the West. We may have greater stars than the Bolshoi School teenagers, but by comparison our dancers perform like clockwork figures. The students of the Bolshoi School do not. This is a matter of dramatic production and training, not of ethnic origin or blood. Though the Snowflake girls tended to bump into each other on occasion, they could safely challenge any classical *corps de ballet* anywhere. The impression one had seeing this *Nutcracker* was not that of seeing a student company, or a second company, but of seeing a different company, many of whose members happened to be infant prodigies, and some simply children. The superlative playing of the orchestra had much to do with this. It is sad to reflect that in the

West we often fail to obtain even adequate orchestral accompaniment for our foremost ballerinas. In Russia the accompaniment provided for the Bolshoi School's pupils would be better described as an inspiration.

Three of the first-act variations for characters named, respectively, Little Doll, Pagliacci (in Harlequin costume), and Blackamoor, looked suspiciously like a source for *Petrushka*. The choreography was fitting and Pagliacci's variation was accompanied by a trumpet flourish in Tchaikovsky's score. The programme attributed the entire choreography (and production) to Vainonen. So it is conceivable that the dances were borrowed from Fokine. Unfortunately, I had not the opportunity to ask questions. But it would be interesting to hear more of this from someone who happened to know whether there was any such thing in pre-Revolutionary productions. The Blackamoor was complete with coconut and even held his hands in the same manner as in Fokine's choreography.

On my last night in Moscow I was fortunate enough to attend a "routine" as opposed to "Festival" performance of the much vaunted ballet *Laurencia*. I could, therefore, get some impression of the nature of the Bolshoi public, with its quota of delegates from Eastern states



VALSE DES FLEURS: Bolshoi Choreographic School students in the waltz from the final act of *The Nutcracker*, which was given at the Bolshoi Filial, or Annexe. Photo: Glyn Davys

and U.S.S.R. Republics, and peppering of half-bored diplomats. The women in the auditorium were mostly reasonably dressed, with an occasional bid for elegance and an occasional touch of distinction. The majority of the men present wore suits; a minority, ties. Together with some Japanese dancers with whom I managed to converse in French, I was shown to the artists' box to the immediate right (facing up-stage) of the old Imperial Box, in the centre of what we should call the Grand Tier.

Socialist realism for Lope de Vega

With *Laurencia* Russia lived up to its reputation of a land of extremes. The overall impression was that of a vulgar work performed to perfection. The plot is a Socialist Realist distortion of Lope de Vega's *Fuente Ovejuna*—tragedy turned into melodrama with a revolutionary finale. Plisetskaya in the title rôle, Kondratov as the revolutionary hero and lover, and Levashev as the reactionary Commandatore, mimed and danced with almost excessive force.

The ballet was first produced in 1939. The music, by Krein, was execrable. It was "palm court" with an admixture of "pseudo-Spanish symphonic." Its performance could be described as a musical Cook's Tour conducted by Yuri Faier. The frequent crescendos were such that one felt an express train was going through the orchestra pit at speed. At the end of the second act I was forced to block my ears to prevent them being blasted by the side drummer who was beating his huge instrument as hard as he could. The décors by Ulanova's husband, Rindin, were by Soviet standards perfect. They expressed to my eyes a certain confusion of Spain with Italy. Thus the colours of Act I, Scene 1, were Italian, while Act I, Scene 2 was perfect pseudo-Velazquez, including the appearance on stage of a live (though rubber-hooved) horse of the shape and size that might have been ridden by Philip IV. The scenery of Act II was Spanish, the costumes Italian. But it is hard to blame an artist for Soviet restrictions on travel. It is not easy to reconstruct atmosphere from paintings and postcards. Finishing touches were provided by a waterfall (Act I, Scene 2), and in addition to the horse already mentioned, by the appearance of a live donkey, and a magnificent fire-cum-destruction that no Hollywood producer need have been ashamed of.

Chabukiani's choreography in the first two

acts did not rise much above the standard set by Krein's music. Lacking all continuity it was weighed down by a series of pseudo-folkloric dances occasionally relieved by snatches of melodrama, and a set of classical variations completely out of place in a Spanish village setting. Plisetskaya's variation, comprising a series of split *jetés* dazzlingly but, I am afraid, vulgarly danced, was marked, not so much by its beauty as by its difficulty, and by the fact that Plisetskaya and her admirers saw fit to interrupt the whole performance for a 10-minute ovation of the kind we are wont to associate with provincial prima donnas of bygone days. Plisetskaya flirted with her public and basked in the response. The ballet itself came alive only in the third act. Here the choreographic language changed. One saw Plisetskaya as the *Passionaria* of a rebellion lead a piece of mass ballet culminating in the burning down of the reactionary villain's castle. This not only appealed to one's democratic passions, but was dramatically quite overwhelming.

Character and classical competition

A CHARACTER and classical dance competition was held at the Tchaikovsky Hall in connection with the Festival from August 2 to August 5. There were also Oriental, folk

and ballroom dance competitions. It was open to under-thirties whether professional or amateur. The Eastern World from Albania to North Korea sent the cream of its young dancers. With the exception of a couple of West German professionals, who had the will but not the schooling, the Western entry, composed largely of amateurs, was so pathetically weak as to appear an insult to the jury presided over by Ulanova. I cannot see what Western ballet organisations gained morally and politically, let alone artistically, by ignoring the occasion. The standard set by Soviet dancers was certainly high enough to make the competition count as a world one.

It was interesting to note here, as at the painting exhibition in Gorki Park, the influence of Soviet art upon the Eastern countries. One could see Avratova of Czechoslovakia perform Zarema's dance from *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai* and Bolshoi-trained Albanians imitate Struchkova and Lapauri in passages from Gounod's *Faust*, or Kondratieva and Fadeychev in the *Melody* of Gluck. Larissa Sherban and Gabrielle Popescu one felt came from a different school, common, perhaps, to Rumania and Hungary, and represented in the West by Istvan Rabovsky and Nora Kovach.

Bogomolova and her husband, Vlassov, of Croydon fame were awarded the first prize. The second prize went to Ane Son-Hi of North Korea for a gypsy dance from Jelobinsky's *Don Quixote*—a piece of high-class cabaret dancing that would have won an immediate TV contract in the West. A more than deserved third prize went to Gisa Verhovska and Wolfgang Heisendorfer of East Berlin, who are profound and powerful exponents of the German expressionist school. Much as I admired the winners it seemed a pity the first prize should go to them. Bringing the house down, should, I felt, have been their dance's own reward. Moscow v. Leningrad rivalry may have had something to do with it. I had been warned by a dancer from Riga that the jury was "pro-Moscow."

My own preference was for a choreographic gem entitled *The Hunter and the Bird*, set to Grieg music, by the young Johanssen, of Leningrad's Maly Theatre. It was danced to perfection by the incredibly frail Emma Mintchenok and Adole Khamsine also of the Maly Theatre, and I shall never forget her death flutter in his arms. I was also impressed by Alexander Livchet's solo variation from the ballet *The Red Poppy*, executed with great authority. I have never seen a *grand pas de chat* of such elevation as his, or so unflinching an execution of 10 *pirouettes*. As far as I could judge from the competition and hearsay, the

continued on page 44

FINAL APPLAUSE: At the end of *The Nutcracker* at the Bolshoi Filial Theatre, artists return the applause of the audience, a Russian custom familiar to London audiences of the Bolshoi season here last year. Photo: Michael Kullman



Limón in London

The second famous Modern American dance company—the José Limón American Dance Company—to visit London brought works by Limón himself and by Doris Humphrey to the Sadler's Wells Theatre.

by CLIVE BARNES

IT is difficult to say whether we in England know too little about the modern dance or too much. We can neither approach it in virgin innocence, nor appreciate the full range of its possibilities. Most of us have some small experience of the American modern dance—chiefly our memories of Martha Graham—and this coupled with our knowledge, culled principally from the seasons of the Ballets Jooss, of the American dance's distant Central European cousin, tended to obscure our immediate understanding of José Limón and his company.

Add the fact that Limón had hardly any point of contact with either Graham or Jooss, with the regrettable tendency of a large section of our dance public to judge everything against a yardstick of strictly classical ballet, and also take into consideration the small, hopeful, but woefully misinformed band of *aficionados* who turned up to Limón's season in the expectation that his was another *Ballet Espagnol*, and you will begin to appreciate the air of puzzlement that hung, like mist on the river, over many of his audiences during the London season.

That Limón achieved a sizeable artistic success in the very teeth of the various prejudices and preconceptions besetting him is, I think, undeniable. On the whole his press notices were favourable and sympathetic, and if the audiences he attracted were not unduly large, they were at least enthusiastic from the beginning and numerically on the increase towards the end. Yet many people I know felt vaguely disappointed by Limón's season, although few had any reservations about Limón, himself, as a dancer. Therefore, before discussing his season in any detail, I should like to touch on briefly a few of the misunderstandings his company seemed to arouse.

THERE IS A TIME:

Pauline Koner and José Limón in his work to Norman Dello Joio music.

They are seen here in the episode, "a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing."

(Below left): The company in the symbolic circle, "a time to love . . . a time for peace."



To those simple souls who confused Limón with a second Antonio (and every night I think I overheard at least one member of the audience grumbling on that score) I can only

offer my sympathy and the suggestion that they read ballet magazines. Sympathy, of a rather different kind, can also be extended to those, including a handful of critics, who measured Limón up against the standards of the classic dance and, not unexpectedly, found him wanting. These were the people who could be found in each interval dolefully mumbling about it being "ugly" or, more derisively, "meaningless."

In intention I suppose the aims of the modern dance and classical ballet are ultimately closely allied. The classification—once given to me by Hanya Holm—of all dancing into the two categories of good and bad is basically sound. But however much the aims of these two systems of theatrical dancing converge their methods remain different.

It is an admittedly wild over-simplification, but in a narrow sense the physical basis of ballet is a glorification of equilibrium: balance is the golden key to the aesthetics of its design. Now in the Limón system, deriving from his teachers Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, and stemming back to the American Denishawn School, the key of balance has been replaced by "unbalance."

In DANCE AND DANCERS for June, 1957, I discussed Doris Humphrey's dance technique. Very briefly it consists in the acceptance of the idea that movement is "an arc between two deaths"—the "death" of motionless balance and the "death" of total collapse. The "fall" of a body due to gravity is opposed by the reflex action of the dancer—she terms it the "recovery"—automatically seeking to re-establish its balance. Humphrey considers that the most potentially interesting and dramatic movements are those where the dancer's muscular power of "recovery" is only just defeating the "fall" of gravity opposing it.





THE MOOR'S PAVANE: José Limón, Betty Jones, Lucas Hoving and Pauline Koner in Limón's work based on the Othello theme, to Purcell music. Photo: Roy Round

I am not suggesting for a moment that merely because a system of movement can be explained by some kind of kinetic theory it automatically justifies itself as valid dance technique. Such a supposition would be naive. Yet it is equally naive to suppose that dancing deriving from such a system will not at first sight appear unfamiliar. And nothing breeds contempt like unfamiliarity.

It is very easy to call the strange, ugly and meaningless, and I feel that had more ballet-goers realised the aims behind Limón's dancing many of the prejudices that his flouting of the classical rules evoked would have disappeared. Possibly the right place for such an "explanation" was in the programme, but while these were full of high-sounding phrases about ballets being "timeless in their implications," the very elementary fact that here was something new being presented before a largely ballet-conditioned audience was apparently overlooked. I also think it a pity that dance critics in a few of the more weighty newspapers, like *The Times*, could not find space to discuss objectively Limón's technique. Throughout the season I waited in vain for some authoritative description of Limón's style. I can only say with regret that such a lapse would occur in the criticism of no other art but dancing. Yet London is still inclined to call itself the "dance capital of the world."

However, it was not enough merely to rid ourselves of prejudices for a full understanding of Limón. The preconceptions of us egg-heads were as jolted as were the simpler tastes of less sophisticated and inveterate dance-goers. Reflecting on my own state of mind before the season, I now realise that against all likelihood I was really expecting something similar to Martha Graham.

Graham's adventures into time and space, and her errands into the maze of drama and psychology made her season quite probably the most intellectually stimulating dance event of the post-war years. Her choreography was at once rich in its plastic imagery and its emotional associations. It was both cerebral and heady like the champagne, off-duty conversation of a brilliant don. One willingly

forgave Graham her slight preciousness, her air of detachment and her occasional obscurantism. But what we—or at least I—did not sufficiently realise was that to confuse Graham with modern dance is tantamount to confusing Picasso with modern painting.

Humphrey and Limón are so different from the quicksilver intensity of Graham, that their work is best appreciated by a mind that has put aside all memories of their great contemporary. While their contribution to the dance may be no less than Graham's, the appeal Graham makes to the intellect remains unique.

What both schools have in common is the monastic asceticism of their approach to their art. All are deadly serious—even when they are being funny—and carry their banner of artistic integrity around with them like a martyr's halo. High-seriousness in art is not particularly congenial to the English temperament; we distrust it and fancy it pretentious or vulgarly ostentatious. For this reason when faced with artists like Graham and Limón we have to combat an atavistic desire to stick out our tongues. Our fear of being taken in by the false in art, makes us unnaturally wary of the genuine.

Despite the difficulties surrounding appreciation of the Limón season, it ran fairly close to predictable form. Certainly it maintained the time-honoured tradition, kept up by every visiting company except the Danes, Graham and the Bolshoi, of poor programme planning. Companies embark on foreign seasons without any of the care, forethought or "market research" that would come naturally to a firm attempting to promote a new product in a foreign field. Why ballet companies should imagine that their product is any more easy to export than vacuum cleaners I cannot for a moment imagine.

Works that you would have expected to have been sure-fire hits in England—*The Moor's Pavane*, *Emperor Jones*, etc.—were just that, yet some of the more obvious successes of the season appeared to catch the promoters unaware, with a consequent reshuffling of the programmes. The one unpredictable reversal of American opinion was the comparative

failure of Doris Humphrey's ballets to find much approval with London audiences. In New York, Humphrey is regarded as at least the equal as a choreographer to Limón, in London the audience's interest appeared to be firmly settled on the work of Limón.

FIRST PROGRAMME

September 2

Dance Overture

Choreography, Doris Humphrey. Music, Paul Creston, arr. Joseph Ott. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

ALTHOUGH this work was commissioned by the Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut, it was produced with the overseas tour particularly in mind, and this was, I believe, its first public performance.

It is a plotless ballet, intended, I presume, to introduce both the company and the "method" to unfamiliar audiences. Paul Creston's music has a cheerfully assertive American tang to it, and the ballet itself with its broad cross-currents of movement, and quickly dissolving groupings is far from unattractive. Yet it is equally far from arresting.

Both the choreography and the cast immediately established the sensitivity of their response to music, and the ballet, which encompassed a fair range of mood, was able to give a good bird's-eye impression of the possibilities of Humphrey's dance technique. The swiftness of its *allegro* movements, and the freedom and power of its jumps were at once made clear, as was the value placed upon the plastic quality of the dance's static moments, and the company's extroverted attitude—such a contrast with Graham!—to its medium.

That the whole work did not add up to anything very considerable was possibly due in part to its desire to provide a painless introduction to modern dancing, and in this it seemed to strike a false note, almost of apology. I was reminded at times of that first chorus in the musical *Kiss Me, Kate*—"Another Opening, Another Show!"

Miss Humphrey's choreography certainly seemed to have a lot of people going no place very often, but the company danced it with plenty of vigour and outgoing bounce. Whatever were its merits as an introduction to the company, however, it did not prove the happiest circumstances in which to make the first acquaintance of Mr. Limón, himself. This kind of dance extravaganza was not really very him, and he passed through it with clenched teeth and grimly smiling determination.

Ritmo Jondo

Choreography, Doris Humphrey. Music, Carlos Surinach. Set, Jean Rosenthal. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

THE title means "Deep Rhythm," and the rhythm referred to is not only that of the Spanish gypsy music upon which Carlos Surinach has freely based his colourful score, but more the profounder rhythm of life, distinguishing the relationship between the sexes. Here right at the outset of their season was seen the Humphrey-Limón intention to search for the universal rather than the particular. Throughout, their aim seems to be to present Everyman rather than the character of the guy in the corner drug-store. It is an aim peculiarly appropriate to dancing, which freed from the verbal associations of person, time and place, can more easily traffic direct with universal symbols than the legitimate drama.

Ritmo Jondo is cast in three sections: "Of Men," "Of Women," "Of Meeting and Parting." The first two sections indicate the characteristics of Men (forceful and aggressive) and Women (fragile and delicate). The final section shows the men courting the women, and finally parting from them. Woman is presented as the subservient sex; there is something of Milton's "He for God only, she for God in him," about its conclusion.

Like the music the choreography hints at a Spanish flavour, picked out more definitely in Pauline Lawrence's costumes. There is no attempt at any authentic reproduction of the Spanish dance. The choreography is consistently far more than adequate, and at all times shows a shrewd differentiation between male and female movement, and the sensibility towards music and the intelligent use of space that seem the hall-marks of Humphrey's choreography. Yet the ballet is always promising just slightly more than it produces; the really persuasive dance image and powerful choreographic statement seems to remain just around the corner. The total effect is consequently a little disappointing.

It is not helped by the strange setting, dominated by an apparently cellophane tree, which had been produced by the lighting expert Jean Rosenthal. According to the programme this was based on a painting by Charles Oscar, the nature of which gives food for thought. This was, incidentally, one of the very few décors the company used. This was another very marked contrast with Graham, where décor is conceived as part of the ballet with a single-mindedness worthy of a Diaghilev.

The company confirmed the finely disciplined impression it had created in the first piece. Limón, himself, and co-principal Pauline Koner, were both seen to far better advantage.

There is a Time

Choreography, José Limón. Music, Norman Dello Joio. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

ON the first night up to the presentation of *There is a Time*, the company's success still rested, I should say, somewhat uneasily in the balance. With *There is a Time*, apart from those members of the audience still clinging gamely to the last ditches of their prejudices, most of us with any sympathy at all with the company's aims were won over.

The dance, conceived in 12 sections, is based on that passage from Chapter 3 of *Ecclesiastes* beginning: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." With a bold theatrical stroke Limón has seen his theme as variations on an ever-recurring life cycle.

The ballet opens with a circle of 11 dancers, a symbol, in the words of the programme, "of time and timelessness." The ballet consists of a series of movement studies, each one illustrating an individual phrase of the *Ecclesiastes* text—for example, "a time to mourn; . . . a time to weep," or "a time to laugh; . . . a time to dance."

Each study is very subtly interlinked with the next, so the result is a chain, or rather a cycle, for the ballet closes with the same circular formation with which it began. The contrast between the episodes is consistently stressed, so that one comes away with the impression of a ritualistic enactment of life's great opposites.

Ritualistic is perhaps the key-word here, because Limón's choreography has much of the formal religious ceremony about it. There was a formality about all Limón's work, a formality which symbolised itself for me in that characteristic bow of his, bending slightly at the waist with his torso held completely rigid, in a gesture curiously both grave and flamboyant. In *There is a Time* his taste for

formal ritual finds an utterance of exalted spirituality.

The dance motifs are sharply focused and often brilliantly expressive. Everything is tightly knitted around Norman Dello Joio's score, and the dances show an almost tender regard for space and time. Emotionally the work shows a constant interplay of light and shade, so the fierce intensity of "a time to keep silence, and a time to speak," is soon relieved by the release of "a time to laugh."

The company dance the work as a team, with such attack and poetry that it seems almost unfair to single out individuals. However Limón himself, Koner, Lucas Hoving, Lavina Nielson, Betty Jones and Ruth Currier all sustained solo rôles with a gracious simplicity worthy of this quite outstanding creation.

The Moor's Pavane

Choreography, José Limón. Music, Henry Purcell, arranged by Simon Sadoff. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

THE ballet—one of the most famous in Limón's repertory—is sub-titled "Variations on the theme of Othello," and Limón, running true to form, has concentrated more on the variations than the theme.

The characters in the programme are given as The Moor (Limón), His Friend (Hoving), His Friend's Wife (Koner) and The Moor's Wife (Jones). This avoidance of the names Othello and Iago is nothing but deliberate in a work that sets out not to portray the story of Othello, but to depersonalise that story,

condensing it to its basic elements so that it becomes a generalised study of love and hatred.

The ballet is ingeniously woven into the formal patterns of a stately Pavane. This has been achieved so deftly that the audience is never aware of the disparity between form and content. Vestigial references to the play remain—for example, at one moment Hoving places his foot on Limón's prostrate body—and the whole dramatic action of the dance is motivated by the tragic handkerchief.

The slowly-moving, shifting patterns of Limón's choreography are exceptionally interesting. All his dances are tersely articulate, with an economical spareness about them. He never wastes two gestures if one will do. The purely decorative element in his dance, both here and elsewhere, seems to be concentrated on the horizontal plane, so that he retains steps of elevation for his emotional colouring, appearing to use jumps only rarely for their visual effect. The style of acting he requires is rather impersonal, and would have more in common with Brecht than Stanislavski.

Despite the completely different techniques employed, *The Moor's Pavane* bore a strange similarity to an early Jooss ballet called simply *Pavane*, and using the Ravel music and basing its theme on a Goya-esque Infanta.

The work was impressively performed. Limón conveyed the Moor's torture and agony with restrained simplicity, his bursts of passion being as perfectly controlled as his remarkable muscular reactions. Hoving, lurking and sinister, was in his way equally as fine as the Iago-like friend. The reaction and interplay between these two was a consistent pleasure of

EMPEROR JONES: Lucas Hoving, as the White Man, taunts José Limón as the Emperor Jones in a dramatic moment from Limón's work based on Eugene O'Neill's play. Photo: Roy Round



the season. Koner, vivacious and knowing, and Jones, innocent and bewildered, completed a quartet that would be hard to equal.

As in all the other works shown, the splendid but anonymous lighting, and the costumes by Limón's wife, Pauline Lawrence, made a positive contribution.

SECOND PROGRAMME

September 4

Concerto Grosso in D Minor

Choreography, José Limón. Music, Vivaldi. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

TO those of us who like to imagine modern dancers as characters who grab us by the coat lapels, hoarsely bellowing, "You gotta' have a message!" this chastely slender *pas de trois* probably came as quite a surprise.

Danced by two girls and a man, all dressed in drab tones of brown and gold, the ballet is as pure as the driven snow and as plotless as the music. It has an air of gracious courtliness about its formal measures, and the simple intricacy of its choreography—which is complex in its patterns but uses a deliberately restricted vocabulary—has about it the suggestion of baroque art.

The smallness of its movements—often the dancers seemed to trip along—and an apparent *gaucherie* in its *ports de bras* (and this was a work in which comparison with the classic dance was almost inescapable) did not generally endear it to audiences. I personally, however, found the piece fresh and enjoyable, and was able to forgive its badly-cut and ugly costumes. The work was given with a nice

sense of style and period by Jones, Currier and Limón.

La Malinche

Choreography, José Limón. Music, Norman Lloyd. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

QUITE a few of Limón's works have a Latin, or more particularly Mexican, flavour, deriving from Limón's Mexican birth. *La Malinche* is based on a combination of Mexican history and folk-lore. The historical background is the 16th-century conquest of Mexico by the Spaniard Cortez. He was helped by a young Indian girl, Malintzin, who acted as his interpreter and later became a powerful figure in his regime. Later, legends arose about the Princess Malintzin (or La Malinche) telling how her spirit returned to the people she had betrayed, and led the Mexican race in its fight for liberation.

Limón's treatment of this material is typical of his method. The work takes its form from a *divertissement* given by a group of strolling peasant players. The three dancers come marching in, perform their dance, and march off to the next village. The strange semi-symbolic narrative is thus given a completely formal frame.

One of the peasants plays Cortez, El Conquistador, the girl of the trio dances La Malinche, while the suffering Mexican nation is symbolised by the third peasant representing an Indian. In this way the mixture of fact and legend is made entirely coherent and enthralling. The effect recalls something of the Mexican Art exhibition at the Tate Gallery a few years ago.

Limón gave one of his most powerfully projected portrayals as the Indian, his jumps having the recoil of a steel spring. Koner's tender and warm Malinche and Hoving's blank-faced Conqueror completed the trio.

Night Spell

Choreography, Doris Humphrey. Music, Priaulx Rainier. Set, Charles Oscar. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

THIS ballet, about a sleeper beset by the things that go bump in the night, was choreographically one of the more rewarding Humphrey showed in London. The picture given of a troubled sleeper trying to reject the nightmare visions of his uneasy dream proved interesting, although the transformation of one of these fantasy figures into an image of love is not made altogether clear.

Limón explored still deeper the recesses of mental anguish, and once again showed the exceptionally expressive power of his whole body. The nightmare trio of Hoving, Jones and Currier, dressed in amorphous costumes, was full of stealthy menace. The music by Priaulx Rainier seemed dry and uninviting, while the set by Charles Oscar, consisting of a singular chair, took economy to its irreducible minimum.

Emperor Jones

Choreography, José Limón. Music, Heitor Villa-Lobos. Settings, Kim Swades. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

THIS, Limón's most recent work, is also in some respects his most impressive. It possibly marks a new departure for Limón in that its central character is far more particularised than seems usual in his ballets. Not that Limón has attempted to translate the Eugene O'Neill play, upon which the piece is based, at all literally into a dance medium. He has developed the theme in terms of free fantasy, seeking to express a human being's moral and physical disintegration from fear.

But while his main theme remains general, the character of Jones comes to life in a way quite distinct from Limón's other creations. Intentionally or otherwise Limón here presents an individual rather than a type, and even his manner of acting became in this work far less stylised.

Emperor Jones is full of excitement, both choreographic and theatrical, and carries with it real tragic feeling. The fantasy episodes of Jones's decaying dreams of grandeur, when he is haunted by the memories of his past, actually achieve the aim expressed in the programme note, of giving the play another dimension.

Limón's face was as pre-destined for suffering as St. Sebastian's body was for arrows. His eyes have a perpetually haunted look, and his noble forehead wears its furrows with imperishable distinction. For sheer dramatic power and tension Limón's performance is as good as anything I can recall in the dance theatre.

Lucas Hoving as the White Man made him a worthy antagonist—the manner in which he gives, during the hallucinations, a series of distinct sketches of a chain-gang overseer, master of a slave ship and slave auctioneer, was masterly in its imaginative grasp of the rôle.

The Villa-Lobos score, specially commissioned, and the setting were possibly the best shown throughout the season.

THIRD PROGRAMME

September 6

New Dance

Choreography and Set, Doris Humphrey. Music, Wallingford Riegger. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

VARIATIONS AND CONCLUSIONS: Lucas Hoving, centre, in Doris Humphrey's work representing a headlong flight through space.



HUMPHREY'S *New Dance*, originally created in 1935, is generally regarded as a master-work of the modern dance. The entire work took as its theme the problems of Man and Society. The seventh part of this work called *Variations and Conclusion from "New Dance"* is frequently, as in London, performed as a separate, pure-dance work.

This proved immeasurably superior to *Dance Overture*, and should have opened the London season. The breadth and complexity of its structure was fascinating, the choreography itself invigorating and fresh. Humphrey's use of solo dancers in a kind of *concertante* manner by which they emerged from the group, performed their solo fragment and were re-absorbed into the dance framework, showed, as did the taut and forceful finale, the hand of a master choreographer.

Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias

Choreography, Doris Humphrey. Music, Norman Lloyd. Set, Michael Czaja. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

THE ballet is based on Garcia Lorca's poem on the death of a bull-fighter, *Llanto por Ignacio Sánchez Mejias*. It follows closely the four sections of the poem, the titles of which are somewhat misleadingly translated in the programme. The first part sets the impersonal background to Ignacio's death; the second describes, with symbolic allusions, the death itself; the third section considers death more objectively and asks whether there is any spiritual permanence; the final section concludes that immortality arises from the memory of poets.

Largely because of the grace and dignity of Limón as Ignacio, together with the dramatic force of the poem, which is declaimed from the orchestra pit, the ballet makes an impression. Yet it is difficult to see just what Humphrey has added to Lorca's 20th-century *Lycidas*. She has made no attempt—how could she?—to match the poet's very precise verbal symbolism, and she seems to have missed completely the poem's dramatic movement. It was a brave try, as foredoomed to failure as Ignacio was to blood.

Concertino in A Major

Choreography, Pauline Koner. Music, Pergolesi. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

THIS was the only piece by Pauline Koner, who has her own small dance group in New York, to be included in the season's repertory. It showed a certain fluency of invention, but insufficient regard for the music's mood. Koner, a beautiful dancer with a very individual quality of movement, luminous and womanly, danced well in the caressing slow movement.

The Traitor

Choreography, José Limón. Music, Gunther Schiller. Set, Paul Trautvetter. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

LIMÓN'S preoccupation with the essentials of behaviour rather than the accidents of character, once again makes itself felt in treatment of this Biblical subject—Judas's betrayal. Judas has become the archetype of the man who, loving too much, must turn to hate. The theme, thus baldly stated on paper, is portrayed with considerable insight in the ballet. The relationship between the Traitor and the Christ-like leader is conveyed in all its complexity.



DAY ON EARTH: Limón as Man with Ruth Currier as the Young Girl in Doris Humphrey's study of the life of man from youth, through marriage to death.

As in *The Moor's Pavane* although the original source has been shaded over to obliterate individual associations, certain details of the basic inspiration are allowed to shine through. Here, for example, a brilliant passage of dance and grouping sketches in the circumstances of the Last Supper.

Limón's own dancing, a twisted, tortured soul in agony, was technically superb, showing almost unbelievable body control and balance.

naive in its humour. Both Hoving and Nielsen, as the Satyr and not-too-unwilling Nymph, showed a nice sense of comic timing.

From a company of this kind, I should have expected its only comedy work to have greater subtlety than this re-hashed old joke which has provided the basis of ballet burlesque in revue and music hall since Nijinsky and Diaghilev cooked up the original idea in the early years of this century.

FOURTH PROGRAMME

September 9

Day on Earth

Choreography, Doris Humphrey. Music, Aaron Copland. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

THE fourth programme came last and least and did not seem worthy of its forerunners. Humphrey's *Day on Earth* arrived with a high reputation. But for me, any originality its choreography may have possessed was utterly ruined by the banality of its theme, which traced, with the diligence of a Welfare State, the career of a man from the cradle to the grave. Letitia Ide impressed as the Woman in the Man's dull life.

Satyros

Choreography, Hoving and Nielsen. Music, Poulenc. Costumes, Nielsen.

THIS re-vamping as a burlesque of Nijinsky's *Faun* was strangely the only comedy work in the repertory. It was good, clean fun, if

Ruins and Visions

Choreography, Doris Humphrey. Music, Benjamin Britten. Sets, Paul Trautvetter. Costumes, Pauline Lawrence.

TO my regret I was only able to see this ballet once, and it was far too complicated to take in fully at first sight. It is inspired by Stephen Spender's poem *The Fates*, which contrasts false emotionalism with real life. Miss Humphrey has taken a text from another poem by Spender to give the ballet a hopeful, assertive ending.

It is a literary theme which one would have expected more from Graham than Humphrey. A few of the individual details are telling, but the general treatment seemed on one viewing rather muddled. The impact of war on cloistered lives feeding on vicarious sensations, should have provided a more tightly-knit and articulate statement than Humphrey appears to have found in it.

Hoving as a small-town Oedipus and Koner as his complex, tight-lipped Mother were altogether excellent. Limón, looking like Louis Jovet, danced marvellously in a rôle that appeared to trail off into irrelevancy.



Spanish Duel—

Pilar Lopez

JUST at the moment when Britons at home were starting to forget that the heat of early summer ever existed, back came Pilar Lopez to bring warmth to a dying season. In the same way that the company of Marie Rambert enjoyed a remarkable and deserved resurgence of prestige at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, so did the Ballet Español of Pilar Lopez make a come-back at the very top of its form.

The opening night with its full complement of stage directional mishaps (nothing serious) nevertheless showed a Pilar Lopez dancing better than for many years, and a group of boys as strong as she has ever surrounded herself with.

Possibly there were too many short items and possibly there was too much *zapateado* in the whole programme. These were but small faults in an evening which brought some of the finest Spanish dancing seen in London for some years.

Following what has almost become a tradition in these Spanish dance performances—a tradition which really started in the Parisian revues of Mistinguette, Chevalier and Baker—Pilar Lopez sends on the whole of her company before she appears herself. In fact four numbers had passed before she made her appearance.

The *Three Andalusian Sketches* for the rest of the company is as good an opening number as I have seen. The curtains part on five elegant boys in a spirited mass *zapateado* from Cadiz. It was splendidly and precisely danced and it gave an immediate impression of force and elegance. The next sketch brought on five girls in what I think was a song for washer-women which sounded more South American to me than Andalusian. Nevertheless it was charming and gay. The two groups came together in *Colonial Guajira*. Apart from a barefooted *Fandango* from Malaga, danced by Alberto Portillo, which immediately followed, Pilar had introduced her new company. Collectively they seemed a strong group and well disciplined. Their individual capabilities were to be revealed later.

Of all the solos which Pilar Lopez has given in past programmes, the one to me which was quite outstanding was her five variations on the famous song—*El Vito*. In London she gave it only for a few performances during her first season at the Cambridge Theatre some six years ago, but I have never forgotten it as being one of the most remarkable expositions of the Spanish dance vocabulary that I have ever seen. Running it pretty close in this respect is her *Wedding of Luis Alonso* in which she makes her first appearance in the present programme. Based on a fragment from a Spanish operette by Jeronimo Jimenez, the dance has all the style which one imagines was the keynote of the great Spanish theatrical dancers of yesterday. Twists, turns and promenading are matched to most eloquent castanet playing, stately arms and intricate foot work. Pilar Lopez achieves all this with a sense of gaiety that is in complete contrast to the deeply-felt passion of her later flamenco numbers. Of these, two were magnificent examples of *Cante Jondo*—a *Soleares* (*Puente de Triana*) and a *Siguiriyas* (*Misterio y Duende de una Raza*). To me it is amazing how Pilar, who is not a gypsy, can dance these works in the way she does.

Possibly anybody from any country with

BULERIAS (top left): Pilar Lopez, centre, surrounded by her company in the dances she gave as an end-of-programme encore. (Bottom left) The whole company in a Jota from Aragon in Suite Española.

Both Triumph

Two Spanish companies—Ballet Espanol of Pilar Lopez and the Ximenez-Vargas company—appeared in London at the same time. Both companies enjoyed an outstanding success.

Reviewed by PETER WILLIAMS

Specially Photographed by Roy Round

ability and a sense of dance could give a passable imitation of a flamenco dancer. The apparent anger and passion could be simulated sufficiently well to fool some people, but the real truth lies deeper than these external manifestations. The power—the *duende*, or demon, if you like—starts to work deep down in the soul and emanates through the body through the arms and transfigures the face. The expression is not exaggerated but takes on an inherent nobility chiselled by centuries of passion and sorrow. All these things Pilar Lopez achieves in her *Jondo* dances—it is as though she “feels” them rather than performs them.

In the *Siguiriyas*, an excellently arranged number about two rival gypsies wanting the same man, it was interesting to compare the Lopez arms with those of Nana Lorca. The latter is a most promising and constantly improving dancer but although she performs many identical movements to Pilar Lopez there was no getting away from the authority and majesty of the maturer artist.

The solo numbers by each of the four boys were, in their differing ways, remarkable. Antonio Gades, who was a quite minor member of the company on its last London visit, has emerged as a star. His Miller's *farucca* from Falla's *The Three-cornered Hat* showed a beautiful line and controlled ferocity. He performed an extraordinary *tour en l'air* landing on both knees—a trick admittedly, but an effective one. He now has a smouldering personality and does not ever sink to bad taste. He later proved equally good in a dance from Castille, in a *Jota* and in a *zapateado*.

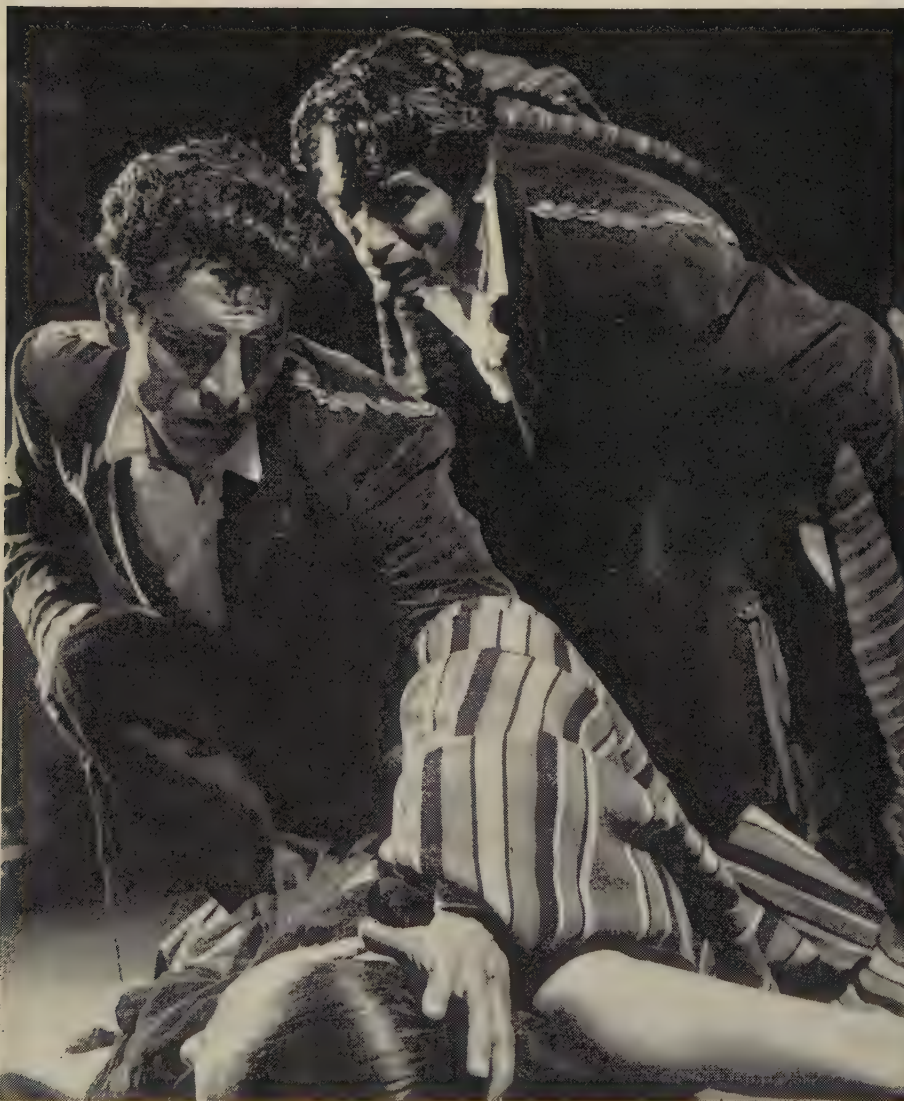
Another accomplished artist was Mario Maya who danced his *Alegrias* from Cadiz in the precise almost enclosed style of Luisillo. He is fast, very neat and, while I feel he may always lack the *jondo* (depth) of the best flamenco dancers, his technical perfection and discipline make him a dancer who will always be a pleasure to watch.

A gypsy of a rather different kind is “El Guito” (Eduardo Serrano). A recent discovery of Pilar's, this dusky demon is only 15 years old, yet he has the personality of someone twice his age. Bearing a remarkable resemblance to a miniature Manolo Vargas, this boy has everything that it takes. In his *Soleares* and in the encores, when he sang in a raucous untrained voice, he managed to project to the furthestmost reaches of the Palace Theatre. Already he has a most polished technique and the ability to get the audience into the palm of his hand within a few seconds. I would say that if he develops along the path he is now taking he should become in the near future a most eminent upholder of a great tradition of male flamenco dancing.

With his classical training, Alberto Portillo is at his best in dances such as the *bolero*. He has a fine presence and his footwork is neat but he was not, during the early part of the season, dancing quite so well as when he was with the Ximenez-Vargas company. It may



SIGUIRIYAS: Top right is Nana Lorca, Pilar Lopez and singer Ricardo Modrego in *Misterio y Duende de una Raza*. Pilar Lopez in the same work (bottom right).



be that in the Lopez company he is inevitably compared with Alberto Lorca whose dances he has mainly taken over.

Of the girls, Nana Lorca is the most promising and she has the greatest range. She stands up well to Pilar Lopez in the *Siguiriyas* and she showed considerable understanding of the differing moods and styles of the various regional dances in *Suite Española*. This suite was a new creation and in the various dances from northern Spain the company showed its mettle and in the final Aragonese *Jota* a discipline most rare in Iberian companies.

Old friends were the Rodrigo *Concierto de Aranjuez* and *Madrid Flamenco (Caracoles)*. New were an enchanting series of *Bulerias* and *Flamenco rumbas* which the company gave as encores at the end of each programme. Here the whole company let their hair down in a series of impromptu dances which had a dottiness worthy of the Marx Brothers. The great success of this London season proves that Pilar Lopez is at last being recognised for the fine artist and teacher that she always has been and she is now producing a whole new generation of Spanish dancers. Next month I shall write about her equally successful season in Dublin, which revealed new qualities in some dancers not mentioned here and the development of others who were already outstanding in London.

Ximenez-Vargas

ALTHOUGH the Ximenez-Vargas company was new to London, it was not new to me. I have written about its development since I saw it as a small group of concert artists in Dublin some 18 months ago until it became an integrated group in Paris in February of this year. But though the group has not previously been seen in London the two artists who give it its name were both prominent members of the Pilar Lopez Ballet Español for its first two London seasons.

The programme given for two weeks at the Sadler's Wells Theatre from August 20 was not basically different from what I saw and wrote about in February.

Two Spanish companies playing in the same city at the same time are bound to invite comparisons, and especially when they are of a very similar nature and both stem from the same tree of La Argentinita. The programme given by the Ximenez-Vargas group was better constructed than that given by Pilar Lopez in that the various dances were collected into different suites rather than presented as individual items scattered through the programme. This seemed to give a greater unity to the whole and obviated endless curtain-drawings and encores (actually this company gave no encores at all except in the finales of each part of the programme). The company is extremely good looking and most elegantly dressed. But whereas Pilar Lopez brings out the star quality in each of her artists, in this case such a quality seemed deliberately to be muted. This democratic attitude was no doubt admirable but I rather question its advisability in the theatre. I cannot think it right that the two dancers who give the company its name were continuously appearing anonymously in the *corps de ballet*. As a result, the impression left was of an extremely pleasant performance in the best of taste but lacking the glamorous heights which make Spanish theatrical dancing something different from anything else.

Starting off with a Bolero suite amounts to the Spanish equivalent of our classic programme-opener—Fokine's *Les Sylphides*. I could not see why the *Panaderos* for Vargas

MEXICAN DOLLS (top left): Vargas, Ximenez and Salcedo in *Muñecos Mexicanos*. PETENERA (bottom left): Ximenez and Vargas mourn over the body of Ana Mercedes whom they have accidentally killed in a fight.

and Ana Mercedes had to be taken at half the usual speed, as the immediate impression was of slow-motion which neither Salcedo's subsequent *La Curra Flamenca* and the general *Boleros del Burreros* did much to dispel. It was all nevertheless charming and immaculately danced, but the first real impact came with the flamenco *Petenera* which followed.

The origin of the *Petenera* seems to be lost somewhere in the heat-haze of Andalusian time but it is generally supposed to have originated in Paterna de la Ribiera and the name has been corrupted—as so many are—by the gypsies to *Petenera*. As given here it tells a slight story of two boys in love with the same girl, they fight, but it is the girl who gets killed. The dancing of Ximenez, Vargas and Ana Mercedes was accompanied by a guitar and the singing of that stunningly beautiful girl, Fina Vivo. It was highly dramatic, moving and splendid theatre.

A suite of dances from Aragon brought on a maypole and some *Jota* dancing. Working up slowly to a lively climax it showed some most competent dancing which could be improved by more imaginative arrangement.

Victoria Salcedo's *Cordoba*, to Albeniz music, was a solo which hardly fitted into an otherwise well-constructed programme. It was not helped by the fact that those who saw Argentina will always associate this music with her. Salcedo is a ravishingly beautiful girl with an aristocratic carriage, but her arms are unimpressive. She also has a trick of taking the audience into her confidence which hardly accords with the essential "remoteness" of the best Spanish dancers who should always appear to be dancing for themselves alone or for some divinity. Cosiness is only acceptable in Zarzuela (operette) numbers.

The first half of the programme ended in a typical *caseta*, a pavilion at the Seville feria, which seemed an admirable place for a suite of Andalusian dances. It had an informal air, and the various *Verdeales*, *Alegrias* and *Tanguillos* developed naturally out of the general high spirits. The second half opened on a number which was theatrical in a way. Against a background of smoke and seated gentlemen a scarlet Fina Vivo sang *De Querer Amores*, to be joined later by a scarlet dancing rival—Victoria Salcedo. It would have been better if Salcedo was a more effective flamenco dancer, but the spikiness of her arms and the fact that she does not appear to "feel" this elusive art gave the whole scene the appearance of a revue number. After some hard work from both girls the men returned to their smoking and drinking.

It was a pity that the suite of South American dances, which followed, was not longer. In Paris this had consisted of about five numbers but here there were only three. As many of the dances from this company come from South America, this could be a section quite unique in Spanish dance programmes. As it was, the Peruvian *Huryno* betrothal dance for Ximenez and Mercedes was touching and beautiful in its simplicity; the Argentinian *Gato* with its spurred male dancer was given with speed and spirit by Jose Lopez and Pepita Reyes; while the always delightful Mexican doll dance (*Munecos Mexicanos*) for Ximenez, Vargas and Salcedo was danced with a great sense of naive fun.

A hotchpotch—*Impresiones Ibericas*—consisted of yet another Albeniz solo—*Leyenda*—for Mercedes, who is more suited to these things than Salcedo. Pepita Reyes has yet to

continued on page 44



FIGHT (top right): Vargas and Ximenez in the *Petenera*.

DANCER AND SMOKE (bottom right): Pepita Reyes in *En tus Amorosos Brazos*.

Edinburgh '57

Three international companies—The Royal Swedish Ballet, Les Ballets Africains and Le Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas—at the Edinburgh Festival

Reviewed by NOËL GOODWIN

NEWS of the 12 new ballets and a special company that the Edinburgh Festival plans to present next year helps to mitigate some of the discouraging effects felt this time. Hitherto it has usually been the dramatic aspect that has suffered in competition with the rest of the Festival, but its eleventh year saw ballet join drama at the bottom of the table, if not actually dip below it. I have some sympathy with the organisers in their task of finding companies able or fit to appear at what has now become an international event of considerable prestige. Demand has outrun supply, and a bold change of policy was obviously due. Meanwhile, the best that can be said for 1957's Festival ballet is that it certainly had an international flavour.

The three companies, of course, had to contend with the notorious deficiencies of Edinburgh's Empire Theatre—an institution guaranteed to bring the most patient and ingenious stage manager to his knees begging for mercy. On my visits, the Marx Brothers seemed to be spending a night at the ballet by way of a change, running amok with the lighting and swearing weird Scottish oaths while dropping heavy bits of scenery from the highest flies. More often than not it was impossible to be sure what scenic effect was intentional and what an accident. Major errors were painfully obvious. The fact remains that until Edinburgh furnishes better theatre facilities in some way, no visiting company can display itself to the best advantage, and the Festival's reputation is bound to suffer.

SWEDISH ROYAL BALLET

August 19–24

SINCE Mary Skeaping, former ballet mistress of Sadler's Wells, took charge of the Swedish company as director nearly five years ago, much fine work has been done to improve its standards. She has refurbished its repertoire

GISELLE: Elsa Marianne Von Rosen, in the title rôle, and Björn Holmgren, as Albrecht, in the first act of *Giselle*, which Mary Skeaping has revised for the Royal Swedish Ballet, restoring the cuts.



with a three-fold policy of restoring classical ballets, encouraging Scandinavian choreographers and developing individual talent among the dancers. Yet I doubt whether the company was entirely ready to show its face to the wider world so soon. It was unsuited to the strain of nightly shows, the chosen repertoire was awkward for touring, and most dancers were still scarcely out of chrysalis. Another five years or so of rigorous training should make a sizeable difference.

It led off with Miss Skeaping's new and extended version of:

Giselle

Ballet by V. de Saint Georges, Théophile Gautier and Jean Coralli. Restaged with additional choreography by Mary Skeaping. Music: Adolphe Adam.

Cast

Giselle ELSA MARIANNE VON ROSEN
Albrecht BJÖRN HOLMGREN
Hilarion MARIO MENGARELLI
Bathilde ANNE-MARIE WALLIN
Berthe ANNE-MARIE LAGERBORG
Duke GUNNAR RANDIN
Pas de Deux MONICA TROPP

Myrtha

BENGT ANDERSSON
LOULOU PORTEFAIX

LONG absent from Stockholm until Antony Tudor staged it in 1950 during his short spell there, *Giselle* was one of the ballets revived by Mary Skeaping as the basis of the company's new repertoire. Her additions are half a dozen fragments in each act, totalling about 20 minutes' extra dancing. They were dropped or shortened in the later Petipa versions, but were re-staged by Fokine for Diaghilev in the 1910 Paris production. Those in the first act are worthwhile restorations; about the rest I am less convinced.

Berthe's mime, telling the story of the Wilis as the reason why she has forbidden *Giselle* to dance, is a distinct help to the plot, and Hilarion's mime helps him to make something more of the character than a scowling prop. The *Giselle-Albrecht pas de deux*, twice the usual length and with two added solo variations, fits more happily in its original position near the end of the act. Act II, however, gets off to a slow start with Hilarion explaining his part in *Giselle's* death to some fellow-gamekeepers, and a later group of itinerant peasants surprised and almost captured by the Wilis is merely an unnecessary interruption. *Giselle* appears among the treetops, Ulanova fashion, to drop flowers to Albrecht, and also "flies" across the back of the stage.

Immediately after she invokes the Cross to defend Albrecht against Myrtha, the Wilis are ordered to surround the Cross only to be repulsed in the same way, to the music of a sham-Bach fugue. If this supernatural force (always unconvincing to me) is so important as to need extra stress, *Giselle* and Albrecht might just as well stay within its orbit until dawn and save themselves a lot of exhausting exercise. Some other oddities of detail were noticeable. Albrecht apparently kept a spare change of clothing in the hut opposite *Giselle's* cottage, since he first entered in courtly doublet as well as cape and sword. The Duke's refreshment, as usually happens in our own productions, was produced from the depths of the forest instead of the cottage.

Performance mercilessly showed up the company's faults and inexperience. Von Rosen and the versatile Holmgren were alone in having sufficient technique and style to sustain the parts creditably, both in character and

dancing. The heroine, however, broke all dramatic records for a collapse into madness. Despite an extra 28 bars of mime between her and Bathilde, the latter had only to point to her own ring and Von Rosen was "gone" from that moment.

Mario Mengarelli's clean-shaven Hilarion projected a forceful, plausible rival and not merely a sour spoilsport. Andersson's share in the peasant *pas de deux* was a great deal more polished than Monica Tropp's, whose lack of technical finish gave it a lopsided appearance. The Wilis Queen's hardness applied equally to Portefaix's ungainly dancing as to her conception of the character—a newly restored solo variation for her was not a wise idea. The peasant dances of the *corps* were constricted for want of space, and they diligently hopped through the Wilis' night with more determination than style. Sixten Ehrling conducted with one foot on the brake throughout all the solo dances.

TEAMED with *Giselle* was Ivo Cramér's new ballet, *The Prodigal Son*, which I was, unfortunately, unable to see, but is reviewed by Oleg Karensky on page 27. Substituted at a matinée was *Gaité Parisienne*, which Massine first staged for the Swedish company early last year. The Naughty Nineties comedy naturally found a responsive audience, although I thought it a bad artistic error to perform it after *Giselle*.

Most of the credit for a brisk and buoyant performance went to Willy Sandberg as the brash and oily Peruvian, and to Gerd Andersson's enchanting Glove Seller. Her sweetness and simplicity seemed a little too far removed from the sophisticated ambit of the *demi-mondaines* around her, but she danced with fluency and finesse, especially in the *pas de deux* with Verner Klavens' Baron. Sandberg clowning exuberantly, grinning too perpetually, but with a strong sense of the fantastic in his characterisation and movements. The *Cocodettes* in their striped sun dresses added a colourful display, the quarrel was wittily worked up, and having suffered so many burlesqued ideas of a Can-can it was a refreshing change to see one danced with taste and style.

The second programme began with:

Cupid out of his Humour

17th-century ballet by Mary Skeaping. Scenario freely adapted from *Diane Victorieuse* by Itélie Poirier. Music: Henry Purcell. Décor: copied from original decoration at Drottningholm Palace Theatre. Costumes: copied from Swedish National Museum by Brita Broberg and Börge Edh. First performance in Britain: Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, August 22, 1957.

Cast

Cupid BJÖRN HOLMGREN
Diana ANNE-MARIE LAGERBORG
Venus ELSA MARIANNE VON ROSEN
Four Continents VERNER KLAUVENS,
CAJ SELLING, GUNNAR RANDIN,
CONNY BORG

Jupiter AULIS PELTONEN
Nymphs, Bacchanti, Satyrs, Sylphs, Shepherds, Shepherdesses

CUPID on a pedestal receives the homage of the *Four Continents*. Diana, goddess of spiritual love, challenges Cupid's assertion of the potency of physical love foresworn by her. Venus, goddess of physical love, encourages Cupid to "shoot" Diana, but she resists, takes away his bow and arrows and replaces them with her own shield of virtue. Satyrs rob Cupid of the

shield and dress him in cap and bells, making him lose his identity and with it his reason. The Four Continents appeal to Venus, who rescues Cupid from the fool's disguise but cannot restore the bow and arrows. A quarrel between Venus and Diana is reconciled by Jupiter, who descends from the sky and carries the goddesses back with him, leaving the undaunted Cupid still at large among the mortals.

IN effect something like a Masque without voices, this reconstruction by Mary Skeaping of a period ballet was commissioned by the King of Sweden to entertain Queen Elizabeth during her State visit to Stockholm in June 1956.

It was thus natural that the company should want to show it in Britain, but the ballet did not survive transplanting from its original and unique setting in the baroque 18th-century Court Theatre of Drottningholm Palace (the Swedish Versailles). In Edinburgh it resembled an ornate ormolu clock in a shabby suburban room. Much of its visual effect depends on theatrical tricks and transformations. But whereas at Drottningholm the original rope-and-pulley machinery can switch the complete backcloth, flies and 14 wings simultaneously in ten seconds, here it was either clumsily man-handled or mechanically mishandled. Gods were left stuck in mid-air, for instance, while suspended clouds majestically slid down to spread a golden smog at ground level.

Skeaping adapted her ballet from one performed for Queen Christina of Sweden in 1649. Poirier's original verse-scenario had been translated by George Stiernhielm, the "father of Swedish prosody," and under the title of *Den fangne Cupido* (The Fettered Cupid) became a Swedish literary classic. Extracts from Purcell's dramatic music were chosen for the new version as a further gesture to the topical and historical links between Britain and Sweden, as well as being stylistically in keeping with the period technique of dancing re-created by the choreographer.

This was based on the formal styles in use at the end of the 17th century, when the evolution of the five foot-positions, the first *barre* exercises and the emphasis on the turned-out leg laid the foundations of "classical" ballet. At least three sources of style were contrasted in *Cupid*: the noble manner once the sole prerogative of the Courtyl amateur (Diana, Four Continents), using solemn, measured steps, horizontally extended arms and mask-like expressions; the acrobatic grotesque style permitted to the professional dancer (Satyrs and Bacchanti) with its leaps and lunges, and the *ensemble* round dancing of folk origin (Shepherds and Shepherdesses).

Resplendently costumed with care for historical accuracy and framed by elegant décor from Drottningholm, it was a vision of gold and white. Its formal poise and symmetry reflected the skill and imagination that went into its reconstruction. Valiantly trying to ignore the scenic chaos around them the dancers performed with distinction, particularly Holmgren's Cupid, the Four Continents, and the *corps de ballet* in the *ensembles*. Yet when all was danced and done, it remained very much a *pièce d'occasion*, its heavily stylised, pre-Camargo, pre-Noverre conventions having as little currency among a general audience as music before Bach.

FOLLOWING this as a *divertissement* came *Grand Pas Classique Hongrois* (from the ballet *Raymonda* by Glazunov, with choreography by Albert Kozlovsky).

As a vehicle to display the technique and line of Marianne Orlando and Caj Selling this short episode served its purpose well. Both dancers showed considerable accomplishment and much promise. Orlando is a tall, slenderly built dancer of grace and fluidity of movement, but she lacked some positive feature of character. Her *variation* thus needed more coherence of style, and among some faults of technique was

CUPID OUT OF HIS HUMOUR:

Von Rosen, as Venus, and Holmgren as Cupid in the ballet which Mary Skeaping produced for the Drottningholm Theatre in honour of the Queen's state visit to Sweden last year. The costumes and décor were based on those discovered in this famous 18th-century court theatre in Drottningholm Palace.



a too-visible preparation for *pirouettes*. Selling is a young man who has been specially trained to partner Orlando on account of his height, and should develop into a *danseur noble* of much merit. His *entrechats* were lazy, but he produced three splendid *double tours en l'air* in quick succession.

This episode helped to coat the pungently novel but distinctly bitter pill of:

Sisyphus

Ballet and Choreography by Birgit Akesson, after an idea by Erik Lindegren. Music: Karl-Birger Blomdahl. Décor and Costumes: Tor Horlin. First performance in Britain: Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, August 22, 1957.

Cast

Sisyphus, King of Corinth	BJÖRN HOLMGREN
Persephone	MARIANNE ORLANDO
Death	MARIO MENGARELLI
Zeus	TEDDY RHODIN
Asopus, the River God	AULIS PELTONEN
Aegina, his Daughter	WIWEKA LJUNG
Guests, Masked Dancers	

SISYPHUS presides at a banquet welcoming the return of Spring to the Hellenes. Zeus sweeps past with the kidnapped Aegina, pursued by Asopus, to whom Sisyphus indicates the way the fugitives have taken. Persephone returns from the underworld on eight months furlough. Zeus demands that Death should claim Sisyphus in vengeance for having betrayed the fugitives to Asopus, but Sisyphus defies all Death's efforts. Zeus strikes Death with his thunderbolt, and the crowd express their joy at the triumph of Sisyphus. He sees a cloud in the shape of a stone appear in the sky—premonition of his terrible fate in Hades forever to roll the stone up a hill and forever to see it roll down again.

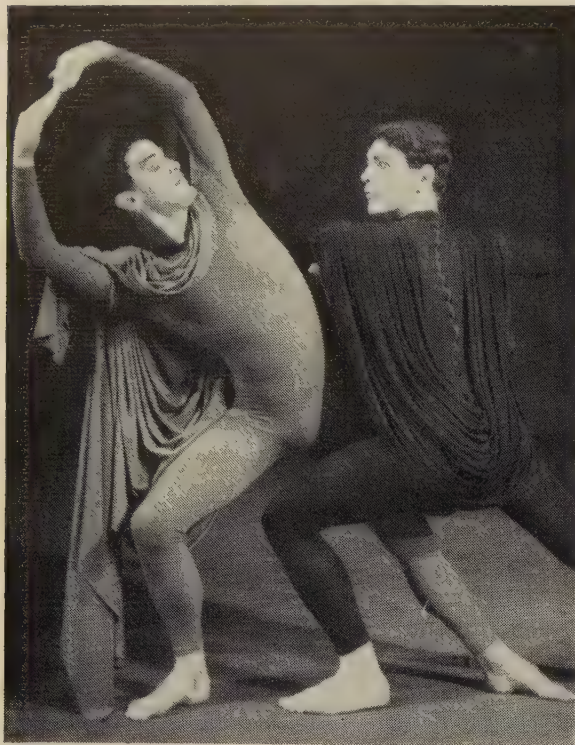
"**N**OTHING can end so happily as the first act of a tragedy" writes Birgit Akesson of this one-act, supposedly narrative ballet.

Nothing is so tragic, I would add, as imagination outstripped by intellect. Dramatic associations in this instance are as burdensome as the stone of Sisyphus itself. What relation there is between the dancers' movements and the episodes or emotions of the scenario is purely conjectural, for the choreographer works in an individual but incoherent style, derived at several removes from Jooss and Martha Graham.

The dancers, barefoot or slippared, cavorted in jagged, angular movements—arms perpetually outstretched in a circle meeting at the fingertips, the men with knees bent and both legs turned out like frogs about to leap. The costumes were simple, vaguely Grecian, and the décor not much more than a single Corinthian pillar which was occasionally pushed a couple of feet to indicate a change of scene.

The most striking incident in the ballet reflected Akesson's own experience as a solo dancer. Persephone is the goddess with the "lovely footfall" and, after doing her daily dozen on awakening in a series of bend and stretch exercises, Marianne Orlando circumnavigated the stage in a *pas seul* with an absolutely hypnotic style of movement—rigid head and neck, transverse sway of the body and arms, and a lilting step. As a study in somnambulism it was splendid, and might have been profitably studied by Maria Callas for her part in the opera *La Somnambula* at Edinburgh, but its connection with Sisyphus was so remote as to be invisible.

Matching the choreography was equally spiky music by Karl-Birger Blomdahl, using the twelve-tone technique on a stringent rhythmic foundation. Music and dancing interlocked effectively, even though the score was the sort that once heard is never remembered. Sixten Ehrling, who conducted most of the Swedish ballets, steered the Scottish National Orchestra safely through the treacherous musical waters, the players deserving credit for the way they grappled with the fiendishly difficult cross-



SISYPHUS: Marianne Orlando as Persephone in Birgit Akeson's ballet. (Left) Björn Holmgren in the title rôle, with Mario Mengarelli as Death.

Photos: Enar Merkel Rydberg

currents. The dancers were thus capably sustained so far as rhythm and sequence went, but the ballet as a whole failed to carry conviction, in spite of its originality and pungent impact.

But the Swedes had saved up their outstanding production until last:

Miss Julie

Ballet and Choreography by Birgit Cullberg, after the play by August Strindberg. Music: Ture Rangström. Décor: Sven Erixson.

Cast

Julie ELSA MARIANNE VON ROSEN
Jean WILLY SANDBERG
Kristin YVONNE BROSSET
Fiancé VERNER KLAUSEN
Father ELIS GUSTAVSSON

Peasants, Gossips, Ghosts

MISS JULIE returns from her morning ride on Midsummer Day and orders the removal of flowers decorating the portraits of her detested ancestors. When her Fiancé arrives she treats him so outrageously he breaks off the engagement. That night she intrudes on the country-folk's merrymaking in a nearby barn and compels Jean, the family butler, to dance with her. Fearful of the murmuring among the startled onlookers, he rushes back to the kitchen, but Miss Julie pursues and seduces him. When dawn breaks, the dishonoured girl, frightened at the turn of events, plans to elope with Jean. She returns to her room to fetch her jewels, but the ancestral portraits come to life and intimidate her, forcing her to commit suicide.

BIRGIT CULLBERG has contrived a strikingly powerful dance-drama from the famous Strindberg play—an amalgam of Fokine and Petit yet infused with an individual flavour of her own. Its effect is clear, concise and direct, enhanced by imaginative treatment of the dance sequences, and packing a vivid emotional punch. Von Rosen's fetching appearance and personality was a decided asset to the central character—and how well she projected the arrogance and wicked mischief of the earlier scenes as well as the topple from respectability under the stimulus of her vagrant emotions. The scene of her intrusion into the

peasants' merrymaking and again in her taunting of Jean in the kitchen afterwards were little masterpieces of characterisation, helped throughout by polished dancing. Gerd Andersson alternated with her in the part.

Sandberg in turn provided an admirable study of the lover from below stairs, especially in his disquieting awareness of Julie at the start and in the change of manner and dancing style after the *dénouement*. A special word of praise is due to Yvonne Brosset as Kristin, the cook to whom Jean is engaged. The choreography throughout is tightly worked, though with perhaps rather too much caricature among the drunken peasants and an over-melodramatic ending when Jean helps Julie to kill herself. Rangström's music suits the narrative well, and the designs were, on the whole, pleasant and practical.

LES BALLETS AFRICAINS DE KEITA FODÉBA

August 26-31

Production: Keita Fodéba. Décor and Costumes: Bernard Daydé and Keita Fodéba.

ACCORDING to advance information, some 16 new items had been "created" for the troupe of native dancers and musicians from French Equatorial Africa to present at Edinburgh. Most of these must have been among the musical interludes separating each dance scene, for I noted only three—possibly four—novelties among the 14 dances compared with the programme given by the same company at its two London seasons last year.

The formula was the same: a selection of ritual and tribal dances, some pastoral, some narrative and some symbolic, interspersed with instrumental and vocal solos. In effect it was a superior Negro variety show more than "ballet," but its material had the merit of being rooted deep in authentic African folk-culture, sophisticated only to the extent necessary for theatrical presentation. Keita Fodéba, who founded the company in 1950 while a law student in Paris, is now Minister of the Interior in his home territory of French Guinea.

Among the outstanding items retained from the previous visit to Britain were the lovely *Porteuses d'Eau*, a graceful water-carrier's dance for six girls led by Fanta Dialy; the macabre *Enianadje*, legend of the cult of evil sorcerers, and, of course, the exciting Fire Dance, albeit in a somewhat modified version with only one fire-eater (Mariki) and no flaming brands for the *corps* to set the theatre manager's hair on end as he contemplated his insurance cover. Kanté Facelli's *Kawa*, the installation of chief witch doctor, was given in a revised version using much play with a forked wand and new hooded costumes in the Ku Klux Klan style. Best of all was the colourful finale—a kaleidoscopic picture of a native marketplace, with some indication of deliberate choreographic invention in the movements and groupings of the weird and wonderful characters in daily village life.

New to the programme were Kanté Facelli's *Coundedon*, an all-male dance invoking protection against epidemics; *Forekoroba*, a kind of communal mating dance by moonlight (very repetitious); the symbolic *Lions and Panthers*, telling how lions (the men) superseded panthers (the girls) as lords of the jungle, and *The Field*—graphically pointing the lurking danger of poisonous snakes at harvest time. All were performed to the insistent pounding of tomtoms, usually the solitary accompaniment for all African dances, presented in a vivid display of masks and costumes which, so far as the girls were concerned, had no truck with "civilised" notions of modesty, and framed by Daydé's wonderfully imaginative décor. It was his evocative stage dressings of bamboo, wood, nets and strips of material, casually but cunningly arranged, that prevented the sameness of movement in the stamping, leaping and wriggling from growing monotonous.

Not so the musical interludes—songs and solos on the gentle stringed *cora* (a hollow gourd with 15 strings), a "speaking" flute and the *balafon* (primitive xylophone). Evidently the performers had been told to stay out front and keep going until the scene was changed and the spotlight blacked out. That usually occurred in mid-verse—and often not until after nine or ten slow verses of the same maddening strain. Yet the ear bore with this for the sake

of the dances and in the understanding that Fodéba's versatile seven-year-old company is preserving one of the most ancient dance-traditions in the world—a fantasy of rhythm and movement growing directly out of the life of Africa itself, performed by a people for whom dancing is as natural and essential to daily life as eating and sleeping.

GRAND BALLET DU MARQUIS DE CUEVAS

September 2-7

TO label a presentation "motley" is not to imply inferiority of talent but simply the lack of artistic direction to give its members and repertoire some overall cloak of purpose and coherence. The de Cuevas company has, in fact, been strengthened by the return of Rosella Hightower and the addition of Nina Vyroubova, as well as some new dancers of promise among the men, but no amount of individual talent is enough to give an organisation a distinct personality.

As a company this apparently fortuitous assortment of dancers and repertoire seemed to me so cosmopolitan as to be virtually characterless. Nine ballets and *divertissements* were tossed into two collective programmes with a fine disregard for aesthetics, while style and content was too often sacrificed to extravagance of production. Robert Louis Stevenson hungered for a rich man's privilege of owning his own string quartet; the Marquis de Cuevas was able to go two or three steps better by gathering together his own ballet company—and then left it rudderless for the want of artistic principles.

BEING accustomed to touring, it overcame staging difficulties more easily than the others, and launched its first programme of four items with Fokine's *Les Sylphides*.

As much as any other ballet, but much more than most, *Les Sylphides* demands the interpre-

tation of music pure and simple. Hence a guiding hand is necessary to weld music and movement together and phrase it in accordance with the musical mood. I hope just once before I die to see an ideal *Sylphides*. It will be directed by the conductor in the orchestra pit, instead of tamely fitting the music to some predetermined notions of the dancers' movements, since he is the only possible person to shape a performance once it has started. But I fear that a major revolution in ballet production will have to take place first. Meanwhile, nothing approaching the ideal was forthcoming at this performance, wherein the dancers went their own, sometimes stylistically different, ways, while the orchestra followed them about trying, like an anxious spotlight, to keep them in focus.

Following the opening *Nocturne*, with the *corps'* movements *sur les pointes* producing a distressing shunting effect, Maria Santestevan danced a cleanly beautiful waltz and Genia Melikova a Mazurka notable for its fluid line and poise. Nina Vyroubova produced some affected mannerisms in her solo *Prelude* but forgot about them in her elegant *pas de deux* with Skouratoff. His own solo Mazurka was too earthbound, but he showed his talent to good advantage in the final *Valse brillante*, both in individual poise and in supporting his ballerinas. The *corps de ballet* here lagged behind the beat and most of the time let themselves lapse into a disinterested background instead of the expressive artists connecting the whole that Fokine intended.

Romance was succeeded by comedy farce in Antonia Cobos' *La Femme Muette*.

Depending mainly on the element of surprise, this is a ballet that can make its effect once but can never repeat it on the same watcher. The surprise is the use of castanets to simulate the wife's nattering—a simple and amusing trick apt to its context. Between Ana Ricarda's nimble fingers the castanets waxed eloquent and insistent, but the choreography on the whole is deficient in imagination, being mostly

superimposed on the comedy instead of growing naturally out of it. The episode could be played as straight mime with no loss of effect—hardly a feature of good ballet.

Golovine's dignity and presence made something out of the Husband and Goviloff's Doctor revealed a gift for comic characterisation. The servants cavorted to no apparent purpose, and the Paganini music bustled on its way inoffensively.

For a *divertissement* there followed the Petipa-Tchaikovsky *Le Cygne Noir*. It was an interlude of unashamed exhibition dancing, with Rosella Hightower attacking every *enchaînement* like a coiled spring suddenly released. Her splendid technique and forthright style exploded into pyrotechnics calculated to rouse the sleepiest member of the audience, and she threw in an extra *fouetté* for a bonus. It may not have been quite the Black Swan that Petipa envisaged—but it was certainly some slick chick. She was excellently partnered by Tupin—a strong, lithe and well-controlled dancer making his British début. He had one curious technical fault—a trick of dropping his head in the middle of a *double tour en l'air*, almost as if using it somehow as a lever to push himself round the second time. Otherwise I was much impressed by his style and demeanour—a decided asset to the company.

This first programme ended with Fokine's *Petrushka*, the most ambitious de Cuevas production and artistically its most tasteless flop. What connection this version had with either Fokine, Stravinsky, or Benois was remote—little more than a crude travesty of the finest ballet created in this century. To list all its faults would have required more visits than I was either able or inclined to pay; at first sight I was too dumbfounded and incredulous that it could ever get itself into such an inarticulate jumble.

Stylistic crimes were committed on the dancing, such as the Nursemaids being made to resemble an off-duty chorus-line from the Moulin Rouge, and other dance sequences

KAWA: Kanté Facelli (leaping) in the ceremony of installing a chief witch doctor, which was one of the Ballets Africains' most successful numbers in their new programme.



AFRICAN MUSICIANS: Daoudo Cissoko, playing the tom-tom, and Lancine, in one of the many musical interludes which punctuate the Ballets Africains' programme.





SONG OF UNENDING SORROW: Serge Golovine, as the Emperor, with Nina Vyrubova as Yang-Kuei-Fei, his favourite. This work by Ana Ricarda, reviewed in full in the September DANCE AND DANCERS, was one of the special creations for this year's Festival.

were changed or telescoped. The décor seemed a repellent parody of Benois, and the music conducted by Gustave Cloez was badly balanced, rhythmically twisted and mostly incoherent.

Nor were the principal characters much better served. Golovine's Petrushka obstinately remained a figure of straw, Goviloff's Moor was strictly musical-comedy, and Moreau's Ballerina not merely a heartless coquette but a decidedly sophisticated one at that. Missing were all the subtle undertones and overtones of the puppets, as well as any sense of purpose in the ensembles. And when the dummy turned out to be not even dressed the same as Petrushka I felt that the sooner this pathetic pantomime was forgotten the better. Yet with the subject of *Petrushka* so much in the forefront of ballet discussion this year it is only right that a protest should be entered against a production bound to give any audience unfamiliar with the masterpiece a completely inadequate impression of its intrinsic genius.

Programme change

THE midweek change of programme brought a quintuple bill opening with Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco*. This richly imaginative pattern-ballet to the music of Bach's Double Violin Concerto was, on the whole, competently danced. It made an effective curtain-raiser to a programme that grew increasingly tedious from the totally unjustified length of the intervals—often as much as 30 minutes, even when little scene-shifting was involved. For the record, the period from first curtain to last was exactly 200 minutes, of which only 115 minutes were taken up with dancing.

The *Concerto Barocco* achieved a better stylistic coherence than *Les Sylphides* so far as the dancing was concerned. Melikova, Yvonne Meyer and Nicholas Polajenko controlled their movements tautly and neatly, with Polajenko giving a particularly fine foundation to the supported *arabesques* in the slow movement. The eight soloists succeeded in holding the rhythm with their feet but not with their arms, which were liable to slip out of synchronisation.

Rather too much of the visual effect was undermined by an indifferent orchestral performance, both from the solo violins and the *tutti*—the sort of scrubby string playing usually inflicted by a theatre orchestra, but not to be expected from a permanent concert orchestra of the Scottish National's standard. Since here again the ballet is entirely dependent on the interpretation of music it is of scant encouragement to anyone if the musical performance is inferior. Thus the dancers' achievement in this instance was all the more creditable.

Separating this from the novelty of the programme was the *pas de deux*—*Soirée Musicale*—with choreography by John Taras for Rosella Hightower and Nicholas Polajenko.

Any comments on Hightower's performance would be exactly the same as for *Le Cygne Noir* above, except that she was occasionally lax in finishing through an *enchaînement*. Polajenko partnered her with equal bravura and loose-limbed panache, the orchestra redeemed itself by dispensing a true Rossinian sparkle under Foster Clark and the Regency-style costumes by Levasseur were stunningly eye-catching.

Following this came the new creation, Ana Ricarda's *The Song of Unending Sorrow*.

In his detailed review after the Paris première of this new ballet, specially created for the Edinburgh Festival, Peter Williams perceptively balanced its merits and faults. There is no call for me to re-hash the same remarks for my reaction was mainly similar to his, except that I felt the confusion of Oriental and Occidental styles in the choreography put up a serious obstacle against a valid basis for the ballet.

It is surely demanding an excessive suspension of disbelief to accept the spectacle of an impassive Chinese maiden from a given historical period disporting herself in point-shoes, or an Emperor in white tights perilously trying to keep his head and shoulders in Cathay and his feet firmly west of the Urals. Either Ricarda should have restricted herself to an evocation of basically Oriental movements (as she has in the stately dance of the concubines, for instance), or else adapted the theme to Western technique.

But there are other flaws in her conception of

the ballet, notably a lack of imagination in either building up or maintaining conflict and tension in the choreography. Emotionally the ballet is stone-cold, so that while it is exceptionally attractive to the eye in its presentation and groupings, it touches no answering chord of compassion or pity in our hearts.

I should also like to know more about the symbolic basis of various features. For example, the Eunuchs who unfold long streamers preceding the first entrance of Yang-Kuei-Fei use white ribbons. Now white was specifically the colour of funerals and mourning in China, so that to be greeted with this would hardly encourage the poor girl to rejoice at the prospect before her, and it must have been a remarkably percipient pair of eunuchs who could foretell her tragic fate.

Concerning Stubbing's designs I can only echo the praise of Mr. Williams for their taste and ingenuity (apart from Vyrubova's unbecoming undress shift). They were certainly the most charming feature of the ballet and gave the most consistent pleasure. Headington's music I thought disappointing. Authentic Oriental themes and rhythms, we were told, but inflated by a Western-style symphony orchestra into a repetitious and synthetic *chinoiserie*, lavishly embellished by percussive sound effects from xylophone, drums, triangle, tambourine and—naturally—Chinese blocks. It is only necessary to recall Britten's evocation of Oriental enchantment by incorporating the Balinese *gamelan* effect in his *The Prince of the Pagodas* score to realise that Headington's method is jejune by comparison.

Within all these limitations there was much to enjoy in the lyrical dancing of Vyrubova and Golovine—especially the ballerina's delicacy of poise and gesture with a quality of poetic movement that must make her a most valuable addition to the company. I liked also the courtly dance of the Concubines and the vigorous *pas de deux* of Santestevan and Seillier as Lightning and Thunder. Beyond that the company were hard put to it to infuse conviction into the narrative.

The same pair of principals were again a delight to watch in Fokine's *Le Spectre de la Rose*.

These nine minutes of fragrance distil the essence of Romanticism in ballet. In quality of imagination it towered high above anything else in the programme, and was dispensed with sensitive poetry by the dancers. Vyrubova's subtle projection of the young girl's drowsy dream on returning from her first ball carried conviction and sincerity, enhanced by her understanding of the dramatic values involved. Golovine, too, though lacking the final polish of virtuosity, subordinated the brilliance of his dancing to the delicacy of Vyrubova's characterisation. Inevitably the little gem was misunderstood by the audience, whose applause after the Spectre's final leap out of the window shattered the magical spell and utterly killed the poignant effect of the Girl's disillusioned awakening.

A depressing anticlimax to wind up the programme was Ricarda's *La Tertulia*. Rivalry and intrigue between a Spanish ballerina, a French ballerina, the Impresario and the star male dancer at a Madrid variety theatre in the 1860's, with an itinerant Englishman adding to the confusion. I found it impossible to consider this ballet seriously. Like *La Femme Muette* it displayed little that could not have been conveyed in simple mime with equal effect and appeared to be mostly a vehicle for Ricarda to display her prowess with the castanets. The trouble is we have seen that so much better done so often by Pilar Lopez and others. Here the scenario is overcrowded with tiresome incident and fussy detail, and the choreography is another stylistic confusion of simple classical roots sprouting incongruous Spanish blooms. To be fair, I might have been

more benevolently disposed towards it had it been performed as a curtain-raiser. Coming at the end of an already over-long evening it exhausted all patience and showed the company only in a nondescript light.

The Prodigal Son

First given by the Royal Swedish Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Stockholm, on April 27, 1957. First British performance at the Empire Theatre, Edinburgh, on August 19, 1957. Choreography by Ivo Cramer. Music by Hugo Alfvén. Scenery and Costumes (after the biblical wall-paintings of Dalarna) by Rune Lindström.

The Father GUNNAR RANDIN (TEDDY RHODIN)
The Son BENGT ANDERSSON (BJÖRN HOLMGREN)
The Brother MARIO MENGARELLI
The Mother ANNE-MARIE LAGERBORG
The False Prophet TEDDY RHODIN (WILLY SANDBERG)
The Queen of Araby YVONNE BROSSET (ELSA-MARIANNE VON ROSEN)
The Four Horsemen (Power, War, Pestilence, Death) CAJ SELLING ELLIS GUSTAVSSON, VERNER KLAUSEN, GUNNAR RANDIN
(The names in brackets denote first Stockholm cast and second Edinburgh cast)

THIS version of "The Prodigal Son" is based on the charming peasant wall-paintings of the Swedish village of Dalarna. The Biblical story is translated into an early 19th-century folk-tale, colourful, gay and amusing, and not in any way pretentious or solemn. It has far more in common with a Russian folk-tale ballet like *The Firebird* than with, say, Balanchine's treatment of the parable.

There are five scenes. The first shows the Son, made up to look like a rather simple-minded peasant boy, persuading his father to give him a share of the inheritance and allow him to go on his travels. As he departs, he trips over the threshold, scattering his possessions—a light-hearted omen for the journey? Next he comes to a crossroad where he meets the top-hatted False Prophet, who tempts him into a boat to Araby. There he meets the Queen, an attractive seductress who is distinguished from



FOLK ART FOR BIBLICAL PARABLE: The principal setting for Cramer's ballet which Rune Lindström has designed after peasant wall paintings.

the other characters by dancing on her points. The fourth, and least effective, scene shows four horsemen—representing Power, War, Pestilence and Death, the programme informs us—who chase the merrymakers away and presumably frighten the Prodigal so much that he decides to return home. His repentance is not stressed, for this is a consistently light-hearted ballet, which moves rapidly into the gay folk-dances which form the celebration and the finale.

The production owes its success mainly to two things: the perfect integration of choreography, music and décor, and the fact that Cramer has recognised the limitations of his dancers and has not asked too much of them. The score includes traditional folk melodies collected by the 85-year-old composer, Alfvén, and I am told that the décor faithfully repro-

duces the colours and spirit of Dalecarlian peasant art. The stage effects are simple and appropriately naive; for example, the boat is suggested by a group of men with long oars walking behind a flat cut-out and the barbecue in the last scene is achieved by rotating a flat cut-out, with the words "The Fatted" on one side and "Calf" on the other, over a fire.

At the performance I saw there was a mixture of the first- and second-night casts, but the ballet depends so much on the character work of the company as a whole and on the production itself that I doubt whether the changes were very significant. *The Prodigal Son* was the most enjoyable item in a programme which also included *Miss Julie* and *Gaité Parisienne*, and it would be good to have an opportunity of seeing it again.

Oleg Karensky

THE PRODIGAL'S FAMILY: Mario Mengarelli, Vivi Nelson-Staag, Julius Mengarelli, Anne-Marie Lagerborg and Björn Holmgren in a scene from Cramer's successful ballet.



THE PRODIGAL AND THE QUEEN: Elsa-Marianne Von Rosen, as The Queen of Araby, with Björn Holmgren as the Prodigal.

Ballet plays its part in Munich

This year, for the first time in 50 years, ballet became an integral part of the Bavarian State Opera festival. This elevation was mainly due to the work of British choreographer and ballet master Alan Carter. In four programmes, which included classics and modern works, many of Carter's ballets were shown, the most interesting being an evening of three creations using Stravinsky music.

by J. STEWART BARKER

FOR more than half a century the Bavarian State Opera has held an annual festival at the Prinzregententheater in Munich. This year, for the first time, ballet was allowed to play its part in the festival instead of being banished temporarily to the Theater am Gärtnerplatz or to the park of the Nymphenburg Palace, and four ballet evenings were included in the programme. A projected ballet festival of a week's duration to take place prior to the opera festival had to be abandoned for administrative reasons.

The first two evenings consisted of items in the current repertoire—*Giselle* with *House of Shadows*, and *Les Parapluies*, *The Rake's Progress*, *The Still Point* and *The Miraculous Mandarin*—from which it was possible to gauge the capabilities of the present company which Alan Carter, assisted by his wife Joan Harris, has virtually created in the last three years.

Irène Skorik made a guest appearance as *Giselle* and gave a competent performance opposite Heino Hallhuber as Albrecht—a striking if somewhat over-eager princeling. Inge Bertl's Myrthe was insufficiently in command of the situation, and Franz Baur's Hilarion too solid.

House of Shadows, a divertissement ballet by Carter to Britten's *Variations on a theme of Frank Bridge*, showed Natascha Trofimowa in the dramatic rôle of a charwoman re-living her past in the deserted theatre. In the mirror of her memories various acts are auditioned by the

theatre director, including a hypnotist who uses her as his medium and transforms her into a ballerina, who, however, proves also to be but a reflection in the mirror. In addition to Trofimowa, Heino Hallhuber again stood out as Pierrot, partnered by Annette Chappell as Pierrette, and an adagio danced by Elizabeth Schüppen and Paul Wunsch was noteworthy.

Les Parapluies is Munich's contribution to the *Patineurs* or *Beau Danube* class, arranged by Carter to music by David Wooldridge. Victorian ladies, gentlemen, officers and young girls disport themselves in varying weather conditions, culminating in a lively galop led by Trofimowa and Baur as a cerise-clad hunting couple, in which both displayed an unexpected sense of comedy.

Rake with flying colours

The Rake's Progress, one felt, would prove the real touchstone of the company, and it emerged from its test with flying colours, Peggy van Praagh's production comparing most favourably with that recently seen at Sadler's Wells.

Heino Hallhuber was a dashing Rake and Helma Kübl brought a youthful innocence to the rôle of the Betrayed Girl. Inge Bertl was splendidly earthy as the Dancer in red stockings, while Franz Baur and Hans Schöner were well cast as the Man with the Rope and the Dancing Master.

Todd Bolender's *The Still Point*, set to

Debussy's *G Major Quartet* minus its final movement, is disturbing in its incompleteness. Three girls are joined by two boys, who, departing with two of the girls, leave the third in unbearable loneliness. This is dispelled by the brief appearance of a third boy who, with her, finds "the still point."

Though the state of emotional tension finally descends into banality, it was enough to reveal Annette Chappell's brilliance as the odd girl out and Heino Hallhuber's telling personality as her lover. The companions were excellently portrayed by Helma Kübl, Margot Werner, Hans Schöner and Hannes Winkler.

Carter matches Bartok

Alan Carter's stark version of *The Miraculous Mandarin* probably comes nearest to matching Bartók's insurmountable score of any yet attempted. His two thieves and their female decoy, their victims, and finally the Mandarin, all belong to the everyday world in which a miracle becomes even more astounding.

Werner Schachteli's set and costumes are completely in keeping, and Trofimowa gave a tremendous performance as the Girl, supported by Hallhuber and Baur as her masters and Paul Wunsch as the Mandarin.

The remaining two ballet evenings were both devoted to a Stravinsky programme of three new ballets for which Alan Carter created choreography, décor and costumes. Unfortunately I was unable to see these performances as I had to return to England, but I did see the rehearsals and the final dress rehearsals.

Stravinsky in rehearsal

Capriccio, to the work of the same name for piano and orchestra is a so-called "abstract" ballet.

Six male and six female beings (three pairs in each half of the stage) now attracted, now repelled, linked by a *corps de ballet* of eight girls and propelled by the impetus of the music, finally attain harmony. Background and costumes of black, white, grey and lime green fused by shifting pools of light, form an exciting parallel and make the work extremely satisfying. Carter is well served by the dancers led by Annette Chappell and Heino Hallhuber. If he had more cloth, the coat would doubtless be richer, but it is after all the cut which counts.

Mr. Orpheus, the second new work, is an everyday extension of the classical legend.

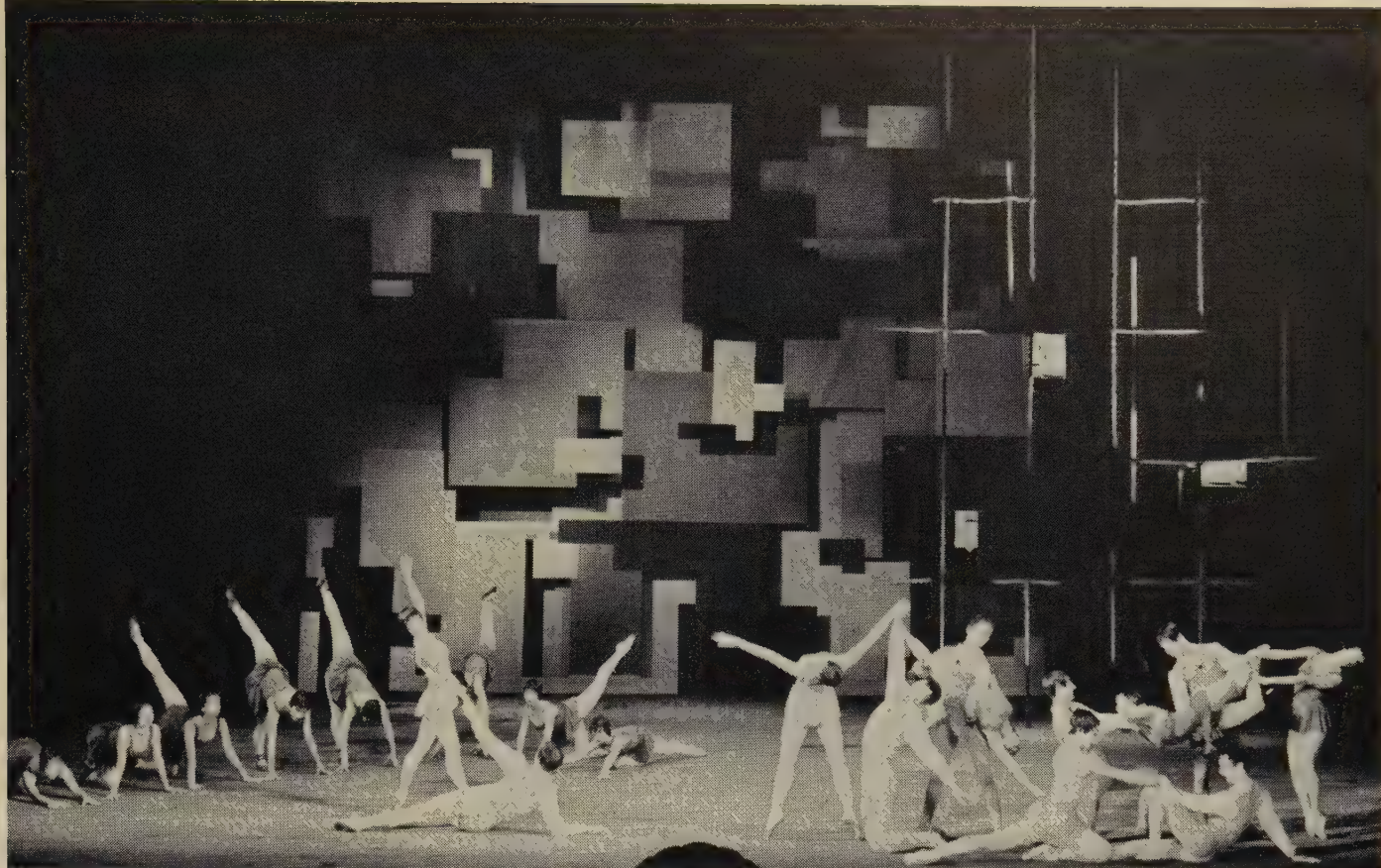
A catastrophe has befallen Mr. Orpheus the grocer, his shop lies in ruins from which he manages to extricate himself. A doctor injects a sedative and in his stupor he searches for his wife Eurydice, living again the phases of their life together, but each time he approaches her the dream is destroyed by a stranger who accompanies him. Consciousness returns at last—the stranger was merely his shadow which still falls between himself and Eurydice, who is being carried from the ruins—dead.

The three principal rôles are in the safe hands of Natascha Trofimowa, Franz Baur and Will Spindler, all strong character dancers. Unfortunately the changing cut-outs of the décor necessitate too much gloom and tend to confuse rather than clarify the action. Carter's gifts as a designer are seen to better advantage elsewhere in his use of acid colours, rather than in those containing a great deal of white, as here.

The final ballet *Feuilletons* is a most entertaining divertissement. Critics submit to an editorial staff their reviews of various current events. First, a circus, presented by the children of the ballet school as a study in black and

MR. ORPHEUS: Franz Baur, in the title rôle, with Natascha Trofimowa as Eurydice in Carter's ballet, to Stravinsky music, which brings the classical legend up-to-date. Photo: Rudolf Betz





CAPRICCIO: The company of the Bavarian State Opera in Carter's abstract work to Stravinsky's score. Carter was not only responsible for the choreography, but also the designing of the costumes and scenery. Photo: Rudolf Betz

pink danced to the Circus Polka. Then a novel—the sad story of an orphan (Hilde Stadler) who might have been adopted, had it not been for the jealous daughter of the house (Inge Bertl). This time, moving cut-cloths most effectively suggest a railway station and the rooms of a house, all executed in shades of purple.

Next, a firework display all glittering and blue, with Elizabeth Schüppen, Paul Wunsch and Margot Werner in charge of the pyrotechnics performed under a mobile suggestive of bursting rockets.

Lastly, a black-face film of life, a Mississippi paddle-steamer with Annette Chappell, Heino Hallhuber and Franz Baur as the points of an eternal triangle. Woody Hermann's recording of *Ebony Concerto* provides the accompaniment and the décor and costumes pick up once more the black, white and greens of *Capriccio*.

From this all-too-brief encounter with the ballet in Munich, certain facts emerge most clearly. Carter directs his appeal to the man in the street, for not only has it been necessary to create a ballet company in Munich, but also a ballet audience. This is perhaps the more difficult task, for as yet there is in Germany no tradition to be invoked, little ballet literature to be studied, and few real ballet critics to act as guides and mentors (though, as usual, there are many whose words on the subject appear in print).

Carter has been criticised for attempting too much, but the German theatre is based on a system entirely different from the one we know, making the employment of outsiders seldom possible.

To do everything oneself is often the only way of achieving anything at all. In the case of the three Stravinsky ballets it proved a decided asset by ensuring a unity of conception encountered all too rarely.

The salient factor of Carter's work is that it has a beginning, a middle and an end—not only each individual work but the evening's programme as a whole. He is not perpetually dashing off at a tangent in pursuit of passing whims, as are some of our younger choreographers; nor does he introduce tricks merely because particular dancers like to perform them. He assesses the technical ability of his company and works within these limits so that they do not become limitations.

In Alan Carter, England has produced a major choreographer as yet unhonoured in his own country. Perhaps the opportunity to rectify this state of affairs will occur at the 1958 Edinburgh Festival for which he has agreed to create a new ballet to music by Frank Martin. Let us hope so, for a choreographer is too rare a mortal to be overlooked.

Stravinsky in performance

AFTER a four-years' interval the annual Munich Opera Festival presented a ballet première again on August 28. The event was attended by many prominent visitors, notably the Prime Minister of Bavaria, Dr. Wilhelm Högnér, the composers Werner Egk, Wolfgang Fortner and Carl Höller. Among dance experts from abroad there were Mme. Derra de Moroda, Arnold L. Haskell, Ashley Dukes, Michael Charnley (at present guest choreographer at the Munich Gärtnerplatz-Theater), Antoine Golea (Paris) and the Spanish dancer José Udaeta.

The entire programme was dedicated to Igor Stravinsky.

Capriccio proved to be Alan Carter's most ambitious and most mature choreography, transposing the intricate contrasting rhythms of the score in a thoroughly ingenious and

original manner. The unusual, modern style of this ballet seemed to bewilder a considerable part of the audience. Obviously *Capriccio* will need some further performances to become fully polished, but already on the first night the company danced it with surprising brilliance. In fact it was their greatest achievement so far.

It is regrettable that this fact was overlooked by many, who got involved in a controversy on whether or not Carter's second work, a modern version of *Orphée* (*Herr Orpheus*), was justified. His interpretation of the myth is, in my opinion, too complicated. In spite of strong emotional and atmospheric effects, it forces the spectator to devote his attention mainly to the narrative elements—experiences of the subconscious mind, which one finds difficult to understand without lengthy explanatory notes in the programme. I also doubt whether it is good policy for a choreographer to do all the costumes and sets himself, thus taking over too many responsibilities and exposing himself to unnecessary criticism.

The closing ballet was a divertissement *Feuilleton*, pieced together from several short compositions including *Circus Polka*, *Ode*, *Fireworks* and *Ebony Concerto*. One might object that treating this music in a music-hall manner does not do it full justice—even if the composer himself does not mind. Nonetheless, there was much spirited and delightful dancing, notably in *Fireworks* and *Ebony Concerto*. Natascha Trofimowa (partnered by Franz Baur) gave the most outstanding individual performance in the programme as Eurydice in *Herr Orpheus*. Heino Hallhuber, Annette Chappell's excellent partner in *Capriccio* and *Ebony Concerto*, will temporarily leave Munich this autumn for a three months' tour through Canada and the United States with Janine Charrat's company.

Karl Viktor Prinz zu Wied



How the Victorian ballet-girl lived and worked

by IVOR GUEST

The status of the ballet dancer in Victorian times was very different from today. She had many prejudices and hardships to overcome. In his story of the British ballerina, Clara Webster, Ivor Guest gives a vivid account of all these difficulties which formed the background to her tragic life. The publishers, A. & C. Black, have given us permission to print these extracts from *Victorian Ballet-Girl*, which they are publishing in November.

CLARA WEBSTER:

A contemporary lithograph of one of the earliest British ballerinas. Coming from a Bath family, she rose to great heights as a ballerina, but was burned to death after her dress caught fire during a performance of *The Revolt of the Harem*.

Print from the collection of Harvard College Library

Haymarket Theatre, she describes a visit to the Opera by Mary, her heroine:

*Brisk music gayer scenes announces,
And in a half-dressed danseuse bounces,
With arms that wreath, and eyes that swim,
And drapery that scarce shades each limb,
And lip that wears a studied smile,
Applauding coxcombs to beguile,
As entrechat or pirouette
Doth "Brava!" thundered loud beget.
When Mary saw her vault in air,
Her snow-white tunic leaving bare
Her limbs—and heard the deafening shout
Grow louder as she twirled about,
With one leg pointing towards the sky
As if the gallery to defy;
Surprised, and shocked, she turned away,
Wondering how women e'er could stay,
And thinking men must sure be frantic
Who patronised such postures antic;
She felt abashed to meet the eye
Of every fop that loitered by:
And, oh! how rudely did it vex
Her fresh, pure heart, to mark her sex
Thus outraged, while the noblest came
To gaze and revel in their shame. . . .*

Such a prejudice was also an expression of xenophobia, for at that time foreign dancers enjoyed almost a monopoly of the principal rôles played in London. "The best English dancers we have had," wrote *The Town* in 1837, "and many of them have been equal to the foreign artistes, have never been paid, on an average, at the rate of one-sixteenth part as much as foreigners; in fact, it is next to an impossibility for an English girl to get engaged at the Opera in any other capacity than a mere supernumerary or *figurante*; and while thus engaged, she may be considered to be in an academy for whoredom, for the Italian Opera, behind the scenes, is a perfect seraglio for the use of the wealthy licentious. Laporte must not dignify his theatre with the name of our virgin Queen, unless he alters this—it has been a crying evil for many years, though few are aware of the fact, and this is one strong indicative proof, that the patrician patrons of that establishment seek but to put our English girls to the vilest uses, while they enrich the haughty Italian, French, or German *danseuses* by the most lavish presents and support.

"The majority of these women are excellent judges in worldly matters, and in striking bargains of all sorts, our native females cannot approach them. . . . Oh! they are marvelously clever, and in this respect we do not blame them. The competition for an opera-dancer of celebrity amongst the old and young debauchees is immense. No sooner does she land, and her address become known, than a regular bevy attend her dwelling, and envied indeed is the favoured one whom she first honours with her notice. But the nobles have singular ideas of mutual accommodation in this respect; they play a kind of "follow my leader" game, and it is not at all an uncommon thing to see the lady driven to the theatre in the

A not respectable vocation

WHEN Clara Webster arrived in London in the first year of Victoria's reign, the station of the ballet-girl was a very humble one. Dancing was not accepted as a respectable vocation which could be followed by children of gentlefolk without fear of ostracism, and the girls who made up the *corps de ballet* at the London theatres, where they greatly outnumbered their male colleagues, were among the large body of underpaid and overworked labour at the lower end of the metropolis's social scale: at some theatres their salary was no more than six shillings a week, and out of this pittance sixpence might be deducted to pay for the artificial flowers they wore on the stage. Theirs was no easy lot.

"Because we wear short clothes, and show our feet which the Almighty gave us," wrote one to the editor of the *Era* in 1858, "we are pitied by the most of our sex who sit in the front of a theatre, and who are always very glad to look at us, although they do think so badly of us; but I think, if anyone will seriously consider for a moment, they will come to the conclusion that, taking us as a body, and considering the temptations to which we are exposed, we are not so bad as we seem to be."

Indeed, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that many people then regarded ballet-girls as little better than street-walkers. An example of this unjust prejudice can be found in the following dialogue, which is taken from a story called "The Ballet-girl," published in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* in 1853:

"The three old ladies gave each a little scream.

"'A ballet-dancer!' cried the eldest.

"'With such short petticoats, Mabel!' said Miss Silias reproachfully.

"'Dancing in public on one toe!' exclaimed Miss Priscilla, holding up her hands. . . .

"'We are sorry, Mabel Preston,' began Miss Wentworth. . . . 'We are sorry for you, but you must get work elsewhere.

"'We cannot have our nephew, Captain John Wentworth's shirts made by a ballet-dancer. It would be setting a young man far too bad an example.'"

In the story, of course, virtue was triumphant: unsullied by her dreadful experiences, Mabel Preston finally married Captain Wentworth, and her days as a dancer presumably became a subject never to be alluded to before the children. Certainly hers was a happier fate than awaited many obscure ballet-girls in real life at the end of their careers.

Partly, this unreasoning attitude of the Victorians was a symptom of the puritan reaction which was then setting in in England. Not long before, during the Regency and the reign of George IV, the ballet at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket—the Italian Opera—had been the pleasure of the "bucks," who, during the intervals loitered conspicuously in the aisle, which was known on that account as "Fop's Alley," and paid court to the dancers in the Green Room. Some dancers, of course, took advantage of the tempting offers of protection which were made them, others—such as the notorious Louisa Turner—forsook the toil of the *corps de ballet* for an easier way of becoming rich; and it was the doings of this minority which formed the subject-matter of the scandalous gossip that penetrated to the outside world.

Lady Blessington's views

Those who did not enjoy the privilege of admission backstage may well have imagined a somewhat exaggerated picture. "Of all the places for . . . downright lasciviousness and imtemperate intrigue, there is nothing in London equal to the King's Theatre," it was written in 1830. "Almost all the ladies in their turn fall victim to the Venus-like inspiration which hovers round and lives in the atmosphere of this Cyprian palace." Whatever its relation to the truth, this belief was widely held and was an important element in the conventional estimate of the ballet-girl in the early Victorian age.

Even the lovely Lady Blessington, who attended the Opera regularly and was the least conventional and most broad-minded of society's hostesses, held views on the ballet which were coloured in this manner. In her poem, *The Belle of a Season*, published in the same year that Clara arrived to dance at the

carriage of one swell, and back in another. She may take the air with a lord in the morning and with a duke in the afternoon; and he who is in honour bound to watch the interests of his country in the senate, may be seen during its deliberations awaiting the orders of an opera-dancer, or "fretting his hour upon the stage," fevered with excitement and admiration at every fantastic fling of her leg or indelicate exposure of— But here we must stop, for fear we tarnish the moral strain of our article, and d—n our efforts at reforming the peers of Parliament and other inconsiderate patrons of the foreign votaries of Terpsichore."

The Ballet-girl's day

THE Ballet-girl's day was a long one. It began with a rehearsal at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning on a bare, uninviting stage with the flats and the wings drawn away and a few rays of sunshine penetrating the mass of ropes, pulleys and bridges in the flies. To the accompaniment of a solitary violinist, the Ballet-master drilled the dancers, "pretty trim-built girls, with fallow face and large eyes—the pallor that overspreads their features resulting from cosmetics and late hours." Perhaps there was a general rehearsal, with orchestra and scenery, to follow. Practice-costume was by no means the rule in those days of long, wide skirts. "It is curious to see them rehearsing their *grand pas* in their walking dresses. They divest themselves of their bonnets and shawls; and sometimes tie a handkerchief, gipsy fashion, over their heads. Then they begin—sinking down and crossing their hands on their breast; bending back almost to vertebral dislocation; wreathing their arms; and the like. . . . You will observe, too, that they have all kept their gloves on: it appears to be a point of etiquette amongst them to do so."

After the rehearsal, the Ballet-girl had two or three hours to herself before returning to the theatre by six o'clock to prepare for the evening performance. With a nod to the stage-door keeper and a quick glance at the letter-rack, she ran up the stairway to the dressing-room, which she shared with five other girls, and where she had a compartment to herself on one of the dressing-tables, with her own looking-glass and wash-basin, powder-dabbers and pots of rouge. When the call-boy's voice was heard through the door there was a hurried rush to take up their positions. Some climbed the staircase to be attached to the hooks of the "travellers," some descended below the stage to make their entrances through trap-doors, some collected in groups in the wings, while others, not required until the next act, made their way leisurely to the Green Room.

Usually they were all dressed exactly alike, but if one were singled out to wear some additional decoration on her costume, or to perform slightly different steps, with what rapture was this mark of favour received! For it was a sign of progress in a career that was a ceaseless struggle. "If the management permits her to wear a wreath of her own purchasing whilst her sister fays go without one, she has achieved another great position, and dreams of one day equalling Carlotta Grisi. For upon enquiry you will find that Carlotta is the real pet of the ballet."

Between the acts there was a great flurry and bustling, a swarm of scene-shifters coming on with the wings and the flats for the next scene, the stage-manager giving his last minute instructions ("with the addition of a little swearing"), the property-man busily seeing that all was in order, and a few privileged well-dressed gentlemen lounging in the wings and flirting with the *coryphées*.

When the performance was over, if no watchful mother or attentive sweetheart was waiting for her, the ballet-girl stole quietly out of the stage-door and, her shawl drawn closely

about her, made her way quickly homeward, stopping perhaps at the late shop for a bottle of ginger beer and one of those tempting pies that lay steaming in the open window. And once home, she undressed quickly and climbed into her bed, for the day had been long and exacting, and there was another rehearsal the next morning. "With the music, the stage, and the lights still haunting her senses, she falls asleep; and perhaps dreams that she is a second Taglioni, and that foreign gentlemen, the likes of which have never been seen in Leicester Square, are dragging her from the theatre to the hotel, in her own carriage."

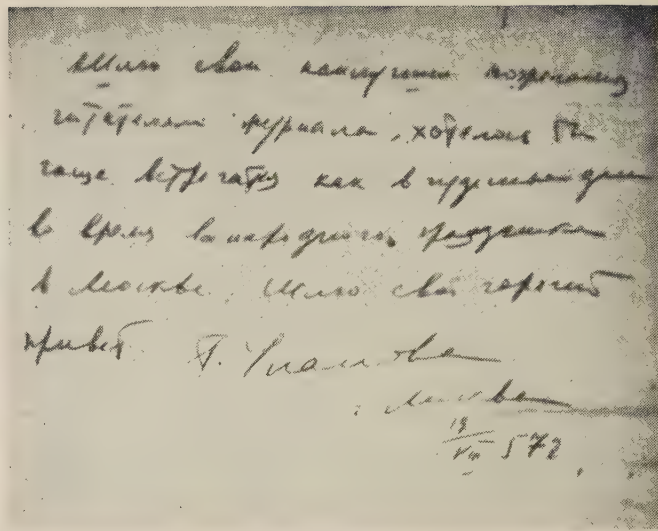
Dancing was the Ballet-girl's first love. If there was no performance at the theatre, she was in all probability to be found at one of the public balls—Willis's, Weippert's in Soho Square, or the Portland Rooms, more familiarly known as Mott's, in Foley Street—and what joy if one of the quadrilles introduced melodies from her favourite ballet! "Her face beams with excitement as the *Esmeralda* quadrilles begin, for then she thinks of Carlotta, and her tambourine, and the joyous dance of the

Truands in the Cour des Miracles, and all the stirring points of the most charming ballet ever composed. And now the *Truandaise*, she knows, will come in the *L'Eté*, and when that pretty air commences, it is only by great strength of mind that she can refrain from dancing the tripping *pas* appropriate to it; but one of the "Pets of the Guards" is her *vis à vis* and she maintains her usual deportment."

Perhaps she would allow you to take her to one of the riverside taverns at Greenwich—the Ship, or the Crown and Sceptre—for a supper of whitebait and cider-cup, afterwards returning home by river in the moonlight. "The Ballet-girl has a very nice ear, generally speaking, for music; and if you but lead up to it she will sing all the ballet airs you best remember, as you sit snugly at the stern of the boat, steaming up the pool. She will recall the dying chords of *Giselle*; the brilliant *fête* of *Alma*; the letter-worshipping devotion of *Esmeralda*; the leafy guard of *Eoline*; and the musical affection of the *Peri*: until you will almost expect to see her skim off across the glistening Thames, or perform a *pas de l'ombre* on the steam boat."

IN THE WINGS: A typical scene backstage of the period of Clara Webster. The dancers are talking to their admirers. The picture was designed on wood by Gavarni and comes from Gavarni in London.





ULANOVA SENDS A MESSAGE: While in Moscow for the Festival recently, our correspondent Sushil Ishwardas interviewed Galina Ulanova in her home (he will write in the December DANCE AND DANCERS). He took this picture of her writing a message to our readers, reproduced at right. It reads: "I send my best wishes to the readers of this magazine. I would like to meet you more often, as in the beautiful days of the Festival in Moscow. I send you my warmest greetings.—Galina Ulanova."

curtain up!

Moscow stakes winner?

FOR some years now British dancers and companies have been jockeying for position as to who would be the first to appear on the Bolshoi stage in Moscow. Rumour has abounded that it might be Festival Ballet, then the Royal Ballet was all set to go, but cancelled the engagement owing to the Hungarian situation. Now it looks as though one fragment of the Royal Ballet—or rather ex-fragment—will appear there as the first British guest ballerina to dance in Russia. Beryl Grey is due to leave for Moscow on December 7 and will give four performances at the Bolshoi in *Giselle* and *Swan Lake*. I hear that she will also give two in Leningrad and one in Kiev. All of this will top a busy year since Beryl left the Royal Ballet in the spring of this year. She has since danced with great success in South America and South Africa.

Speculation has been lively about the possibilities of this engagement ever since Mr. Krushchev expressed admiration for her during his visit to Covent Garden and, later, when during the Bolshoi's visit to the same theatre, Beryl Grey's husband, Dr. Sven Svenson, was frequently seen about with Mr. Chulaki, the director of the Bolshoi.

Commenting on this proposed Russian visit, Dr. Svenson was reported as having said: "I expect it will be very cold—perhaps I shall need a fur hat." My advice to the Svensons is—keep off the subject of hats at all costs!

Debuts far from home

USUALLY anything new that the Royal Ballet has to show is first shown to its own public in London. The present American tour of the company is remarkable in that a number of things are being given which London has not yet seen. First and foremost is this company's version of MacMillan's *Solitaire*, which was given at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and collected a mixed packet of notices. People returning from the U.S. who have seen both versions report that this latest revival compares unfavourably with the version originally given by the Theatre Ballet last year.

However, these reports came through before Margaret Hill had been seen in the principal rôle, which she created, during the company's Boston season.

The other novelties which Americans will see before us are Beriova as the Firebird and the Péri, Merle Park as the Ballerina in *Petrushka*, Anya Linden as Princess Aurora, Catherine Boulton as the Lilac Fairy and Antoinette Sibley and David Drew in the Bluebird *pas de deux*.

If the report is true that many of the company have gone down with Asian 'flu, it is more than likely that there will be many more interesting cast changes before the tour is over.

Brood mare Markova

SOME years ago, Dorothy Henderson Pinch of Malvern Pennsylvania asked Alicia Markova if she could name her bay filly after her. Miss Pinch decided on this name because of the filly's "sleek grace, dignity and classic purity." Markova was delighted and gave her consent. Now Markova tells me that when she was recently dancing at Jacob's Pillow this lady told her that the filly was temperamentally unsuited for the show ring, but that she had turned into a splendid brood mare. Her many foals, one of which is called Ballet Master, were equally beautiful. We can imagine that "Ballet Master out of Markova" will look very interesting in future stud books.

Anyway, these horses will have to move pretty fast to keep up with the real Markova. While in England she has appeared twice on television, then at the end of October she goes to Madrid. There she will appear with the Pilar Lopez Ballet Español, not as a Spanish dancer, but in the solos she has made famous throughout the world. After that she goes to the Paris Opéra to dance the Taglioni rôle in Dolin's *Pas de Quatre*, followed by the breathing space of a transatlantic flight before her New York appearances at Christmas at the Metropolitan Opera House in Gluck's *Orpheus*.

It was a pity that she could not make her promised appearances in Stockholm and Oslo during October, but a strike in the Stockholm

Opera House made this visit impossible. I hope that she will be able to make this Scandinavian tour next year, in addition to her return to the Royal Ballet, which she promised us in her curtain speech at the end of her last season with the company.

A hundred years in Bow Street

NEXT year will mark the centenary of the present Covent Garden Opera House and we may expect a great delving into archives for details of historic performances there. Unless those who do the delving are completely "on the ball" they may get into difficulties, because some of the recent programmes have been notably inaccurate. For instance, two of Ashton's ballets were revived in amended versions. *La Péri* had a new décor by André Levasseur, but at its first performance this was still credited in the programme to the designer of the first version. *Rinaldo and Armida* had a drastically changed ending—but the synopsis in the programme still set out the first version of the story and flatly contradicted what actually happened on the stage.

In connection with next year's celebrations there is to be an exhibition organised by Richard Buckle, that arch-Exhibitionist. All the material connected with both opera and ballet will be collected together and shown probably in Covent Garden.

Ballet bibliographies

THE National Book League must be one of the first of such organisations to turn its attention to ballet by putting on a really comprehensive exhibition of ballet books. Ivor Guest, who is compiling the catalogue, tells me that the exhibition which opens on November 7, at 7 Albemarle Street, will have many attractions apart from numerous books on ballet dating from the 15th century to 1957.

Jacques-Émile Blanche's portrait of Karsavina as the Firebird, Annigoni's of Margot Fonteyn, and others of Adeline Genée, Vestris and Taglioni will be shown. There will be manuscripts by many famous people, shoes of great ballerinas and the conductor's score of the first performance of *Giselle* at the Paris Opéra in 1841. Those who are interested in dance notation will like to see the two manuscripts of the 15th-century Italian dancing masters—William the Jew and Domenico da Ferrara—which are the earliest known codes of dance technique. The earliest book to be shown is *L'art et instruction de bien Dancer*, which was printed in either 1488 or 1494.

This exhibition, which will remain in Albemarle Street until January 4, has been designed by Philip Dyer who was one of Richard Buckle's most valued assistants in organising the Diaghilev Exhibition.

Ballerinas in the post

By a strange coincidence, two countries have decided almost simultaneously to issue postage stamps portraying ballerinas. Cuba will celebrate its nationally (and internationally) famed Alicia Alonso by a special issue, and Denmark will boost its annual festival with a stamp showing Margrethe Schanne as La Sylphide. This should provide a new form of souvenir for those with an addiction to collecting mementos of ballet ranging from newspaper cuttings to statuettes.

Look, no voice

PANTOMIME in England has become almost a lost art. The word is now associated with a Christmas entertainment which is more notable for its noise than anything else, and in British pantomime the art of mime is virtually non-existent. However, in the winter months of this year Londoners will have two chances of seeing what pantomime really means. Marcel Marceau, whose company is now playing at London's Cambridge Theatre, has already been seen here several years ago, when he gave a one-man show at the Arts Theatre. Today he has formed a company around himself, which was reviewed in *DANCE AND DANCERS* (March 1957) after its Monte Carlo season. The main body of the programme concerns the adventures of Marceau's famous character Bip, who catches butterflies, turns into statues and plays at David and Goliath, among other fantastic experiences.

Well known to those who visit Copenhagen in the summer months is the Tivoli Pantomime Theatre. Its Chinese stage and peacock curtain is one of the principal features of that delightful pleasure garden. Its mime plays are of great antiquity and are descendants of the Italian Commedia dell'Arte. Here it is possible to meet all the stock characters such as Harlequin, Pierrot, Columbine, and so on. One of the great features of this theatre is its many stage tricks and transformations. This real pantomime should make one of the happiest of Christmas entertainments when it comes to London in December, to a theatre not yet specified. With the pantomimes there will also be two ballets—one by the ex-ballet master of the Royal Danish Ballet, Niels Bjørn Larsen, and the other by an Icelandic choreographer. I hear also that Elsa Marianne Von Rosen, the popular ballerina from Stockholm, will dance in these works.

Ballet designer dies

THE news of the death of Pavel Tchelitchev in Italy two months ago has robbed ballet of one of its greatest contemporary designers. This Russian-born painter became an American citizen, but spent most of his latter years in Frascati, where he died of a heart attack.

Those who remember the Diaghilev Ballet in London will never forget his remarkable designing for *Ode* which started ballet designing on an entirely new tack. Later in England we saw his *Errante* for Ballets 1933 and in 1938 his *Nobilissima Visione* for Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo was also a vision of incredible beauty. Alas, much of Tchelitchev's finest ballet work—such as his *Orpheus*, *Balustrade* and *Apollon Musagète*—has never been seen in England, though his designs for Giraudoux' play, *Ondine*, were seen at the Edinburgh Festival.

Although in his last decade Tchelitchev designed nothing for ballet, the few works that he created in his lifetime will go down in history as some of the most important of the 20th century. He inspired many young designers, but as yet he has not been equalled.

Poland on the South Bank

IT was with great interest that I accepted an invitation to see the traditional Polish Harvest Festival celebrations at the Festival Hall on September 20. Throughout the night the festivities were enlivened by various amateur Polish dance groups, many of whom attained a remarkably high standard. In traditional Polish dress they performed the Obereks, Krakoviaks and Mazurkas of their homeland. One very talented group had been trained by a refugee dancer from the famous Mazowsze troupe—who, I was horrified to hear, had been refused a working permit to stay any longer in the country. Most of his dancers were English, all were amateurs. Yet they had more of the national spirit of folk-dance than you will find in many a ballet company. Have we so many good teachers of national dancing that we can afford not to find employment for one trying to make a home among us?

It was a fascinating experience to find oneself at the heart of Poland in the middle of London. A passing thought struck me that within a generation the thousands and thousands of Poles and other Slav races now in our country will have become absorbed into the British. Remembering how much benefit American ballet has derived from its "second and third generation Americans" I found myself wondering how many British dancers in 20 or 30 years time will be "second generation British."

Poetic realism

IAM always glad to hear of dancers throwing themselves into their rôles, but I fear Kenneth Melville, now *premier danseur* with the Borovansky Ballet, took it too far when he was dancing in Melbourne at the beginning of September. Partnering Elaine Fifield in *Giselle* he gashed his head in an over-enthusiastic ending to Albrecht's Act 2 variation. With blood pouring from a cut over his right eye, he completed the act looking more like a prize-fighter than a cavalier. After the ballet he was rushed to hospital and had three stitches put in. He awoke the next day to find he had made headlines in the papers and was mentioned over the radio. Apart from this both Melville and Fifield appear to be doing very well in Australia.

happy birthday to...

	November
Marilyn Burr	Festival Ballet 20
Don Gillies	Choreographer in Canada 20
Marilyn Rollo	Canadian National Ballet 20
Ram Gopal	20
Margrethe Schanne	Royal Danish Ballet 21
David Boswell	Royal Ballet 22
Susan Alexander	Royal Ballet 23
Bryan Ashbridge	Royal Ballet 25
Jocelyn Vollmar	San Francisco Ballet 25
Peter Wright	Royal Ballet organisation 25
Patricia Cox	Royal Ballet 26
Nicholas Magallanes	New York City Ballet 27
Philippe Perrotet	Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet 29
	December
Alicia Markova	Guest ballerina 1
Philip Chatfield	Royal Ballet 2
Harold Turner	Royal Ballet organisation 2
Moyra Fraser	In straight plays 3
Lupe Serrano	Ballet Theatre 7
Grant Strate	Canadian National Ballet 7
Estella Nova	Festival Ballet 9
Miro Zolan	Royal Ballet 10
Joan Blakeney	Royal Ballet 11
Kenneth MacMillan	Royal Ballet choreographer 11
Shirley Cash	Canadian National Ballet 13
Annette Page	Royal Ballet 18
Jaime de Leon	Ballet Theatre 19
Harold Lang	Ballet Theatre 21
Geoffrey Corbett	Festival Ballet 21
Alan Carter	Choreographer in Munich 24
Oleg Sabline	De Cuevas Grand Ballet 24
David Lichine	Choreographer in America 25
Leon de Pian	Ballet Theatre 25
Margaret Wing	Ballet Ballet 25
Noel Rossana	Festival Ballet 25

Dancer you will know

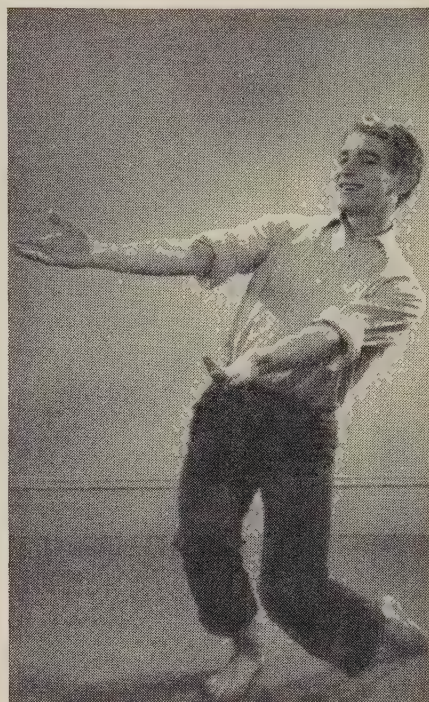


Photo: R. Wilsher

TERRY GILBERT

BORN in Derbyshire. Awarded a scholarship by the Derby Education Authority and started to dance at the Rambert School in 1949. Stage début with the Glyndebourne Opera while still at school. Joined London Theatre Ballet in 1951, and at the same time appeared at Ballet Workshop. Joined Ballet Rambert at beginning of 1952 and stayed until the autumn of 1955. Spent a year with the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet—during which time he choreographed *Spectroscope* for the Sadler's Wells Choreographic Group—and then in the autumn of 1956 joined London's Festival Ballet.

Creations: 2nd Clown in Hoops; Boy with Scarf in Movimientos.

Rôles include (for Rambert): Pas de Trois in Swan Lake; Pas de Deux in Giselle; 3rd Song in Dark Elegies; Gore's parts in Simple Symphony and Fireflies; Dago in Façade; (for Festival): Chinese Dance in Nutcracker; Czardas in Coppélia; Groom in Petrushka; Drummer in Graduation Ball; Pas de Trois in Etudes; Blue Boy in Symphony for Fun.

FEW dancers of his age can have crammed more experience into their careers than Terry Gilbert. In addition to the above rôles (which is only a selective list) he has also appeared in MacMillan's TV experiment *Turned out Proud*, and the Kelly film *Invitation to the Dance*. He possesses confidence and a lively bounce. Already a commendable character dancer (his Groom in *Petrushka* was notable) his once suspect classical technique seems to be improving rapidly in his new company. Festival Ballet, which since its inception, has always tried to find its soloists from its own ranks, have in Gilbert a dancer who, with more polish, could become a notable acquisition.

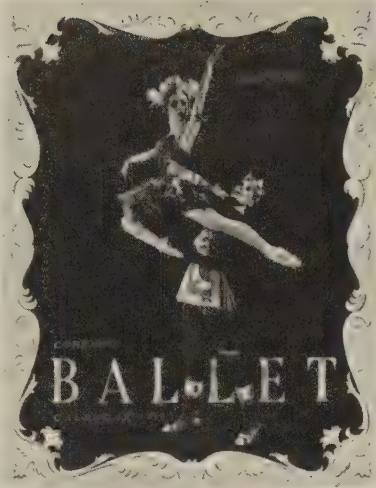
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NEW RECORDS

Reviewed by DAVID HUNT

Stravinsky the Romantic

Stravinsky: *Le Baiser de la Fée*. Cleveland Orchestra (Igor Stravinsky). Philips ABL 3175. 12in. 41s. 9d.

WHAT if Tchaikovsky had not drunk that fatal glass of unboiled water during the cholera epidemic of 1893? Imagine him as an elderly émigré settled in Paris after the Russian Revolution and taking a lively interest in the ferment of artistic experiment of the twenties. Presuming that he found as much to admire in *Petrushka* and *Pulcinella* as Stravinsky actually did in *The Sleeping Beauty*, what kind of ballet music might he have written as an octogenarian?

Some such question may well have been in Ida Rubinstein's mind when she had the brilliant idea in 1928 of suggesting to Stravinsky that he should compose a ballet for her company "inspired by the music of Tchaikovsky."

"My well-known fondness for this composer," Stravinsky wrote in his autobiography, "and, still more, the fact that November, the time fixed for the performance, would mark the thirty-fifth anniversary of his death, induced me to accept the offer. It would give me an opportunity of paying my heartfelt homage to Tchaikovsky's wonderful talent."

The result, *Le Baiser de la Fée*, is in no sense a parody of Tchaikovsky, as many have suggested, and is much more than mere pastiche. Rather is it a fascinating amalgam of two styles, which, but for the *fait* so miraculously *accompli*, one might have well regarded as irreconcilable.

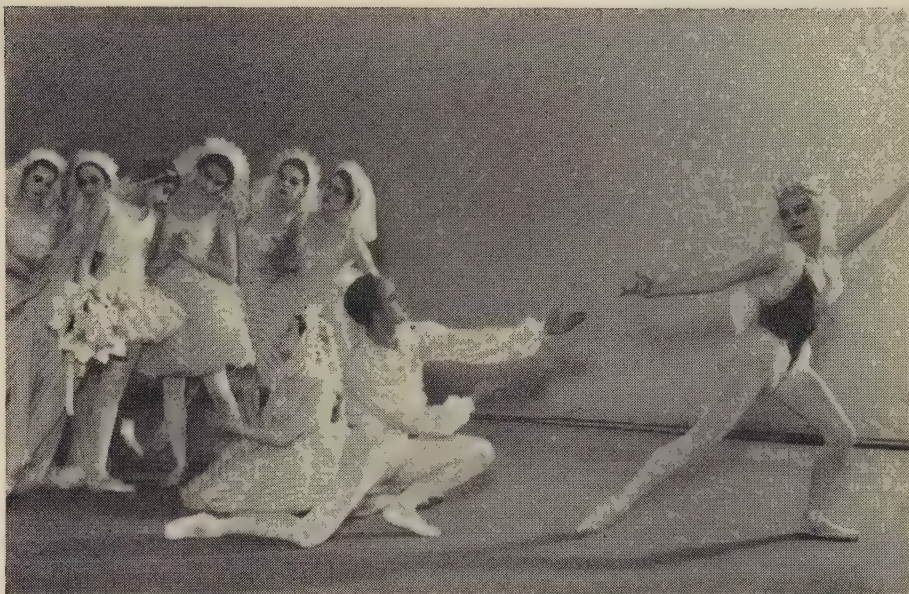
The ballet was first performed at the Paris Opéra on November 27, 1928, with Nijinska choreography and décor by Alexandre Benois. Frederick Ashton's version was first produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1935, with décor by Sophie Fedorovitch and with Argyle, Fonteyn and Turner in the leading rôles. The most recent choreography appears to have been Balanchine's, originally for a production at the New York Metropolitan in 1937 and later revived for New York City Ballet and the Paris Opéra.

Until now only the *Divertimento* which Stravinsky drew from the score for concert performance has been available on records. Concentrating as it does on the more astringent aspects of the score, the *Divertimento* gives an inadequate idea of the unashamed neo-romantic warmth that suffuses the whole; and this first complete recording of the music, persuasively conducted by Stravinsky himself, not only fills a long-standing gap in the catalogue but, excellently played and very well recorded, is everything that could be wished for. In addition, the sleeve carries an invaluable essay on the work, by Robert Craft, which includes details of the actual Tchaikovsky piano pieces and songs on which the score is based.

The Strauss Brothers

Johann Strauss II: *Where the Lemons Bloom. One Thousand and One Nights. Roses from the South*. Josef Strauss: *Secret Attractions. Music of the Spheres*. Eduard Strauss: *Doctrines*. Boston Promenade Orchestra (Arthur Fiedler). HMV CLP1106. 12in. 35s. 10d.

HERE is an interesting addition to recorded Straussiana—examples of waltzes by all three Strauss brothers. Josef's *Music of the Spheres* is his most celebrated waltz and justifies its title, though not all the magic comes through in the Boston Pops' performance. *Secret Attractions*, better known by its alternative title, *Dynamiden*, contains the melody that was obviously the source of Richard Strauss's inspiration for the main waltz theme



THE FAIRY'S KISS: Margot Fonteyn as the Bride deserted on her wedding day, Harold Turner as the Bridegroom bewitched by the Ice-Fairy, and Pearl Argyle as the Fairy. A scene from Frederick Ashton's version of Stravinsky's ballet, first given at Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1935.

Photo: Debenham

from *Der Rosenkavalier*. Eduard's *Doctrines* has the authentic Strauss lilt, but lacks the distinction of his more famous older brothers' waltzes.

The performances are pleasant enough in their unaffected, straightforward way and make agreeable listening, even if much of the allure is missing. The recording is of good average quality.

Dvorak from Prague

Dvořák: *Slavonic Dances*. Czech Philharmonic Orchestra (Václav Talich). Supraphon LPV214-5. 2 12in. 79s. 3d.

THE Czech Philharmonic's superb performances of both sets of Dvořák's *Slavonic Dances* were previously issued here several years ago, first on 78 and later on three 10-inch LPs. After a period of absence they have now been re-issued, this time on two 12-inch LP discs. The new transfer has resulted in a general improvement in the quality of the sound and some former surface noise has been eliminated. Nevertheless the recording does show its age and lacks something of the smoothness and wide-range brilliance of Decca's version by the Vienna Philharmonic under Kubelik.

Kubelik does not manage to convey the innocent charm of certain of the slower dances quite as well as does Talich, but from the point of view of performance there is little enough difference between the two sets. A more important consideration is that the Decca accommodates the dances on three sides, the fourth being devoted to a virile performance of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* Overture.

Monteux Conducts Stravinsky

Stravinsky: *Le Sacre du Printemps*. Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (Pierre Monteux). RCA RB16007. 12in. 39s. 11½d.

PIERRE MONTEUX conducted the riot-provoking first performance of *Le Sacre* at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in 1913, when, as he relates in an account of that notoriously unsuccessful première reprinted on the record-sleeve, "everything available was

tossed in our direction, but we continued to play on." It is hardly likely that under the circumstances the orchestra achieved anything like the discipline and polish of the playing Monteux has here secured, nearly half a century later, from the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra.

He is as much concerned with the work's lyrical aspects—it is, after all, packed full of memorable, folk-like tunes—as with its brutal intensity. But there is no want of excitement in the performance and I would recommend it, with Dorati's and Markevitch's, as one of the three most satisfying of the six LP versions now available.

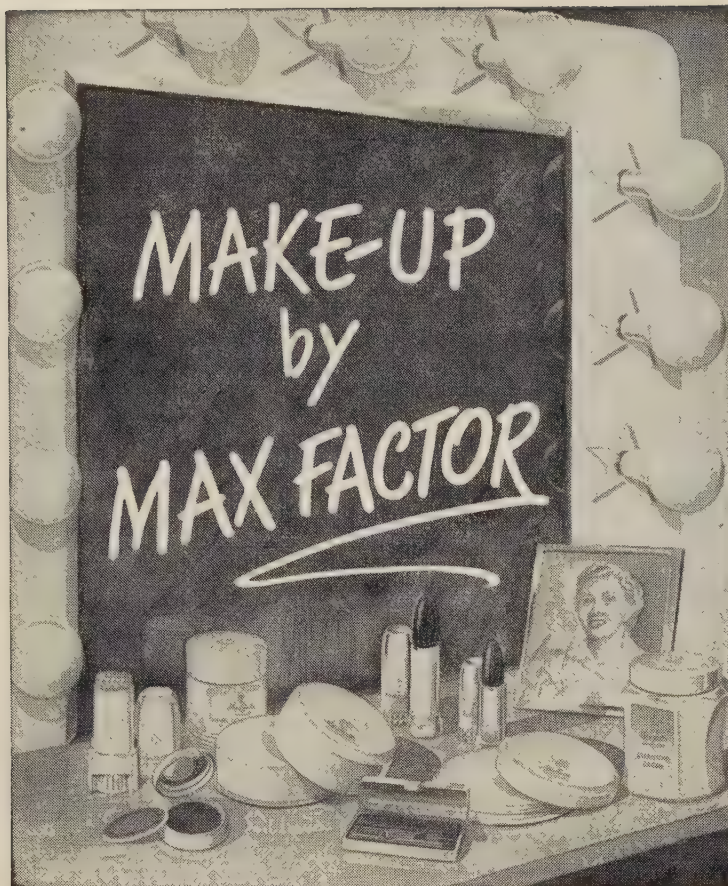
The recording itself certainly gives no cause for complaint. It is superbly realistic, with excellent definition and good balance, and with the bass drum coming through magnificently.

Strangers in Spain

Rimsky-Korsakov: *Capriccio Espagnol*. Granados: *Andaluza—Danza española* No. 5. Chabrier: *España*. Moszkowski: *Spanish Dances*, Book 1. London Symphony Orchestra (Ataulfo Argenta). Decca LXT 5333. 12in. 39s. 11½d.

SPAIN has long held a fascination for composers of all nationalities and pseudo-Spanish music provides almost as diversified a field for study—and enjoyment—as the genuine article. This disc, entitled *España!*, offers a well-varied selection of orchestral music à l'espagnole by Russian, French and Polish-German composers, with a dance by a true-blood Spaniard thrown in for good measure.

The Moszkowski *Spanish Dances* conjure up a distinctly middle-European idea of Spain, but are no less charming for that. Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol* and Chabrier's *España* are brilliant evocations of glamorous Iberian sights and sounds, and are deservedly famous. The LSO give lively performances of all the music, though some of the playing is not quite top flight, and the recording is appropriately colourful. Better still are Barbirolli's *España* on 7ER5026 and Schuchter's *Capriccio Espagnol* on PMC1003.



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Sweden and Bulgaria

TELEVISION
Reviewed by E. C. MASON

THE ROYAL SWEDISH BALLET in *Gaité Parisienne*

Given on BBC Television on August 25.
Choreography by Massine. Music, Offenbach.
The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by
Sixten Ehrling. Designer, Stephen Taylor.
Producer: Margaret Dale.
The Glove-Seller

ELSA MARIANNE VON ROSEN
The Flower Girl MONICA TROPP
The Celebrity KIRSTINA LUST
The Peruvian BJÖRN HOLMGREN
The Baron VERNER KLAUSEN
The Officer GUNNAR RANDIN
The Duke TEDDY RHODIN
The Dancing

Master } MARIO MENGARELLI
Tortoni }
Can-Can Dancer } YVONNE BROSSET
and corps de ballet

ONE of the peculiarities of television is that programmes produced under far from ideal conditions often turn out to be better than those more adequately planned and rehearsed. This was the case with *Gaité Parisienne*. Rehearsed and performed in the 24 hours after the closing night of a heavy week's season in Edinburgh, the Royal Swedish Ballet showed us that, whatever our opinions of this Massine work may be, it is certainly good television. The ballet can be conveniently labelled a French successor to *Le Beau Danube*, but, apart from such high spots as the *pas de deux* between the Glove-Seller and the Baron and the Waiters' Dance, the choreography is well below Massine's usual standard of invention. While almost any steps set to Offenbach would be exhilarating enough for dancers, these become a little monotonous to watch.

Elsa Marianne von Rosen is a less sophisticated Glove-Seller than Danilova, but her interpretation is, nevertheless, a most satisfactory one. It was all lightness, prettiness and vivacious charm, but, perhaps unfortunately, she is so eye-catchingly blonde on a television screen that many viewers probably never got down to appreciating the excellence of her dancing.

Who could be wholly "in character" in the eye-rolling part of the Peruvian? The rôle is so vulgar and grotesque that it ruins the ballet. Here, Björn Holmgren, with no attempt at aping Massine, made the right decision and played his characterisation down for television.

Much depends on atmosphere. While one black-stockinged ankle set the mood better than a dozen petticoats brushing the cameras, any atmosphere present was generated by the rather careless groups and (for once a positive asset!) the almost impromptu lines of the *corps de ballet*.

Despite the fact that arrangements must have been hurriedly prepared, there were neither technical hitches nor accidents. Margaret Dale's camera direction was wisely focused on the groupings, close-ups being used for the more static moments and mime. But something must be said on the subject of make-up. Here Verner Klavsen (the Baron) demonstrated that an eye make-up which may carry in long-shots is far from attractive at close range.

A French-accented narrator introducing Tortoni was an appropriate touch, and it was rewarded with a good measure of success, and most effective were the well-manipulated cast-list captions which floated over each principal during the last seconds of the ballet.

CHILDREN'S TELEVISION

Excerpts from *The Flower Festival at Genzano* and *The Sleeping Beauty*

Given on BBC Children's Television on August 27. Commentary by Peggy van Praagh. Designer, Eileen Diss. The Pro Arte Orchestra



SWEDES IN *GAY PAREE*: Verner Klavsen as the Baron, Elsa Marianne von Rosen as the Glove-Seller and Björn Holmgren as the Peruvian in Margaret Dale's TV production of Massine's *Gaité Parisienne*.
Photo: BBC

conducted by John Lanchbery. Producer, Naomi Capon.

ELSA MARIANNE VON ROSEN
BJÖRN HOLMGREN

IT is not exactly to the credit of the ballet public that it should accept, apparently without protest, the infinitesimally small number of ballet programmes that appear in the now vast television output. My calculations inform me that there has been two hours and 15 minutes' worth of serious dancing this year, and that amount includes the present programmes and the musical items which often appear in folk dance productions.

Other than those versatile team dancers who "support" pop singers by encircling them with what appear to be always the same steps, no dance can be seen on week nights by the baby-sitters and dish washers. On the other hand, very pleasant programmes sometimes appear with few preliminary flourishes on Children's Television, and it seems absurd that a programme as charming as this could not be seen by adult viewers during the evening.

The *pas de deux* from Bournonville's *Flower Festival at Genzano* seems to be acquiring the reputation of being an ideal concert piece, and it is one I am always glad to see again. It can be divorced from its ballet (which, I am told is very minor Bournonville) as it is in London, where we see it in Festival Ballet's *Napoli*. And even in Copenhagen it is given on its own.

The fact that Elsa Marianne von Rosen, although Swedish, studied at the Royal Danish ballet school for two years, helps to explain why she has the correct style for this work. Björn Holmgren, unable to display his technique in *Gaité Parisienne*, indicated that, although he may be somewhat below the standard of the best Danes in this rôle, he is capable of giving something more than a competent performance.

The main feature of the male variations (and they are not as effortless as they should look) is slow, sustained jumps. A strong, smooth *plié* is needed to achieve good height, for without

height the dances would be broken by terrible pauses, particularly the most spectacular of all—the one opening with *tours en l'air, passé attitude sauté*, repeated three times. By comparison, the girl's variations are easier, depending on lightness, speed and crispness of attack. These particular qualities seem to come effortlessly to Elsa Marianne von Rosen.

The production was straightforward. The Italian terrace set provided a nice measure of Mediterranean sun.

But because neither dancer has a sufficiently virtuoso technique, nor a true feeling for Russian style, watching their excerpts from *The Sleeping Beauty* was a vaguely uncomfortable experience, and, furthermore, Holmgren's appearance is not what Covent Garden would consider suitable for a *danseur noble*.

Nevertheless, novelties sustained interest. The music which we have associated with the Three Ivans was used for a male variation (*coupés jetés en tournant*), followed by a brief *pas de deux* and a girl's variation (*posé turns and fouettés*). But the choreography for this, and for the main male variation (again different music from ours) was little more than a sequence of the most spectacular steps assembled in an obvious manner.

Elsa Marianne von Rosen danced Aurora's first act variation quite gracefully and pleasantly. However, what impressed me most were the effective and rather stylish *préparations* and finishing flourishes and poses used by the dancers, although these were not quite what we would consider to be Russian in character. The décor was ugly and dark. I seem to recall having seen this hideous ballroom before.

THE BULGARIAN STATE ENSEMBLE
Given on BBC Television on September 8.
Choreographer: Marguerite Dikova. Introduced by Dobri Kalev.

THE Bulgarian Ensemble is pleasant enough, interesting more than entertaining, but it will never be my favourite folk-dance company.

continued on page 39

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Ballet Perspectives: I

Les Sylphides

A continuation of the article on *Les Sylphides*, the first part of which was in the September DANCE AND DANCERS. This second part deals with the various productions of Fokine's Romantic Ballet.

by CLIVE BARNES

IT would be impossible to note all the various productions since *Les Sylphides* was first given by the Diaghilev Ballet in Paris in 1909. However, the first production in London by an English company was that by the Ballet Rambert on June 23, 1930, the cast including Tamara Karsavina, Harold Turner, Andrée Howard and Pearl Argyle. For this production no décor was used, but subsequent productions by the Ballet Rambert have had décors by Andrée Howard (1941), Guy Sheppard (1943), Ronald Wilson (1944) and Hugh Stevenson (1953).

The first production by the Royal Ballet was at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on the afternoon of March 9, 1932, the cast including Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, Sheila McCarthy and Ursula Moreton. The company first used the Benois décor on Boxing Day, 1939, when the cast included Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann, Mary Honer and Pamela May. The ballet also formed part of the initial repertory of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet being first given on April 22, 1946, with Violetta Elvin, Eric Hyrst, Joan Harris and Jane Brae.

London's Festival Ballet first gave the ballet in London on October 27, 1950, at the Stoll Theatre. The production had décor by George Kirsta, and the cast included Alicia Markova, John Gilpin, Anna Cheselka and Noel Rossana. *Les Sylphides* has also been given in London by other English companies, including the original Markova-Dolin Ballet, International Ballet (with a splendidly romantic setting by Rex Whistler), the Anglo-Polish Ballet, Molly Lake's Continental Ballet, and the Metropolitan Ballet.

Of the various foreign productions, a whole clutch of curate's eggs, it must be sufficient to note that none, as far as memory serves, has used the Benois décor. Frequently, and as often tastelessly, the back-cloth has consisted of an

unhappily blown-up version of a Corot painting, either the *Souvenir de Mortefontaine* (first used by De Basil) or, alternatively, *Danse des Nymphes* (first used by René Blum).

It is worth pointing out that apart from the Diaghilev Ballets Russes the following companies had the advantage of actually working with Fokine: the Royal Danish Ballet (1925), René Blum's company (1936), and Ballet Theatre (1940). All other productions, both abroad and in England, have been mounted by other ballet-masters, some of whom even learnt the ballet at second remove. In 1956 (it is not possible to give a specific date and cast, for the production, like *Topsy*, just grewed) the Royal Ballet remounted the work under the direction of Diaghilev's regisseur Serge Grigoriev, and his wife Liubov Tchernicheva, with outstanding success.

Chopin's music has had to suffer a thousand deaths at the hands of the arrangers, almost every company using a different orchestration. Some of the better-known arrangements include those by Gordon Jacob, Vittorio Rietti and Benjamin Britten.

It is not difficult to account for the ballet's universal popularity, some of which obviously derives from the attractions of its score. The widely-held belief that ballet is a flurry of girls dancing on their ip-toes and in white skirts, is one that dies hard. Consequently *Les Sylphides* perfectly exemplifies what the man in the street imagines ballet should be, and to see it living up so completely to expectation affords him considerable satisfaction. For regular ballet-goers performances are probably as frequently endured as they are enjoyed, for not only is no ballet done more often but few other ballets are done less well. Nevertheless the phenomenon of a good performance can still excite the imagination.

Fokine's choreography is a remarkable essay in style. Never for an instant does it depart

(or even *Rose Marie*), although, as stated, this was a ritual dance believed to date from pre-Christian times. The most interesting item was the *Choe Suite*, a selection of fairly simple national dances to varying rhythms, with some curious shaking motifs.

The programme was not well presented. If one can separate production from camera direction, the faults can be made clear. The cameras were so restless that the eye never had time to settle on anything. One would have thought that they would have dwelt on the singers as a contrast to the dance movement; but, no! And yet the singers and musicians were arranged in attractive groups and the programme nicely lit.

The Bulgarian dancers would doubtless have found a more appreciative audience through Children's Television, while the Royal Swedish ballet excerpts would have been more suited to evening viewing.

If viewers are to receive so little serious dance, then the BBC must make a more serious effort to assess the relative merits of the companies available for engagement. José Limón's company should have been a better choice, possibly ideal television material, while the Ballet Rambert's *Coppélia* with Verdy (surely what the viewers demand!), Pilar Lopez and the Ximenez-Vargas company, all passed through London unnoticed.

from its avowed intention of homage to the Romantic Ballet. The groupings and ground-patterns are as usually satisfying as anything in ballet, and the manner in which they come together, merge and dissolve is, when well performed, entrancing.

Although the *corps de ballet* is used with far more freedom than in the ballets of Fokine's immediate Russian predecessors, the choreographer is still bound to the Maryinsky conception in the matter of form. The ballet is arranged in set numbers (a die that was cast when Fokine selected the music) and is structurally little different from a Maryinsky *divertissement*, albeit that the choreography itself, of course, possesses unity of mood. However, in the final *Grand Valse Brillante* the choreographer skilfully blends the dancing of the *corps* and the principals in what is to all intents and purposes an entirely new manner, which foreshadows a great deal of 20th-century choreography.

The three solo dances for the girls and the *pas de deux* are superb passages of choreography. The first solo, the Waltz, is gay and spirited, and calls for more musical sensitivity than is possessed for the majority of its interpreters. The girl's Mazurka is a high-flown dance of swooping leaps and ecstatic poses. A contemplative mood is introduced by the dancer of the Prelude, who dances with exquisite deliberation.

If the choreographic conception of the Waltz were to be likened to Shelley, and the Mazurka to Keats, then the Prelude might be said to recall Wordsworth. My fancy is, perhaps, roaming, but the point remains that these three variations in a moonlit grove do appear to extol three distinct strains in 19th-century Romanticism, and Fokine, aided by Chopin and Benois, has overshot his mark to hit the heart not only of the Romantic Ballet but that of the Romantic movement itself.

The male dancer's variation is less perfect than those devised for the girls, even though the male dancer has a brief flash of glory in the finale. It has been suggested that this rôle owes something to its first portrayer, Nijinsky and one detail in particular—the caressing arm-movements in the solo—have quite frequently been attributed to him.

In the *pas de deux* Fokine is most successful at hitting-off the manner and style of Romantic Ballet. The hesitance of the male, the coquetry of the girl, the speed and lightness of their dance, with its jumps and brilliant beats, are all truer echoes of *Giselle* and the Bournonville repertory than those found elsewhere in the ballet. But even Fokine, while as always true to the spirit, introduces his personal signature in such small points as the rhapsodic crossing over of the linked hands.

As was his customary practice Fokine made numerous minor emendations to his ballet over the years, the most celebrated being the omission of the male dancer's leap into the ballet's closing group. Small changes were continually being made in the groupings, and occasionally he would re-accent and even, to a large extent, re-choreograph a variation for an individual dancer, possibly the most noteworthy example being the version of the Prelude he made specially for Riabouchinska. The rôles themselves are partly interchangeable, thus, although it is normal practice for the *pas de deux* to be entrusted to the girl dancing the Mazurka, this is by no means invariable, and many dancers, including Markova in recent years, have elected to combine this with the Prelude, which necessitates a certain adjustment in the allocation of the choreography in the finale.

TELEVISION

continued from page 37

The group provides an uneasy mixture of genuine folk-lore and some self-consciously naive items of choreography which appear to have been produced specially for Western consumption. Some idea of the group's artistic policy may be gauged by the fact that an English song was given and a Scottish air played by the orchestra, both obligingly prepared for this tour and the product of many hours' rehearsal. I was relieved to see that no one donned a Morris dancer's hat.

Throughout, simplicity is the operative word. For example, the *Dance of the Puppets*, with the admission that it was the latest addition to the repertoire, could have been performed by any quartet of trained dancers anywhere. It would have been very amusing for children, though, but its arrangement was so simple and quaint that it hardly seemed worth presenting to adult viewers. The same criticism almost applies to the *Dance of the Hares*, although this contained some effective, but simple, pantomimic movements.

The *Dance of the Good and Evil Spirits*, with its grotesque masks and three-foot head-dresses, could have strayed from the Ballets Africains

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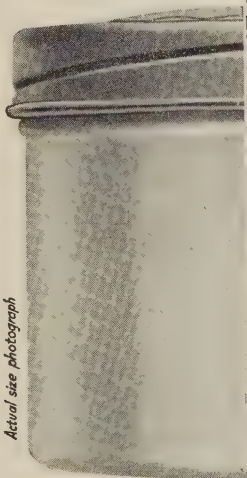
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Dance and Dancers . . . AT HOME

THE ROYAL BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

Pre-American tour season

IMMEDIATELY before their fifth assault on the American money-bags, our national ballet put in a fortnight's contribution to London's summer ballet schedule, opening at Covent Garden on August 20. The first-night programme included a revival of *Job*, intended as a premature celebration for Vaughan Williams' 85th birthday.

The other "novelties" of the season were the revival of Ashton's *Rinaldo and Armida* and the revision of the same choreographer's *La Péri*.

As one of the few admirers of *Rinaldo and Armida* when it was first produced, I have often wondered why it failed to establish itself in the general repertory. That it had its *première* in company with the mildly disastrous, and now mercifully forgotten, *Variations on a Theme of Purcell*, may have contributed partly to its comparative lack of success. Now freed from its unfortunate stable-mate, its merits can perhaps be more easily seen. Certainly it seemed to be more popular with both press and public than when it was first produced.

A kind of Ruritanian variation on a theme by Tasso, it is a small gem of a ballet, and the major weakness of its very first production—by which *Rinaldo* escaped scot-free from the fatal embrace of the enchantress *Armida*—has long since been amended. The portrayal of Svetlana Beriosova is now startlingly dramatic, full of the emotional overtones of restraint and passion. Her tangled conflict of feeling finds a perfect counterpart in the direct forcefulness of Michael Somes's *Rinaldo*, and together they give a performance of finely poetic implications.

I also saw more merit than most in Ashton's dramatic *pas de deux*, *La Péri*, when it was first given. Yet now it has been re-decorated and slightly revised for American consumption, I am less happy about it. Quite definitely the old décor, blown up, I believe, from a painting by Ivon Hitchens, was unsuitable and untheatrical. But the modishly tasteful arrangement of ramps,

ropes and steps that has been dreamed up by André Levasseur to replace it is hardly in keeping with the ballet's theme or mood; nor for that matter is it a thing of beauty on its own account. Ashton has changed quite a few of the choreographic details—for example, Iskender instead of opening the ballet with his questing dance for immortality, now indulges in what looks like a paddle among water-lilies. This was only one instance of a series of marginal changes that, to my mind, has seriously reduced the effectiveness of the whole piece. It was beautifully danced by Fonteyn and Somes.

At the same performance that saw the unveiling of the new *La Péri*, Saturday *matinée*, August 24, there were one or two noteworthy cast changes. Catherine Boulton appeared as the Romantic Love in *The Shadow*, dancing with great distinction. She is a dancer who has perhaps not had all the chances her abilities deserve, this being her first major rôle for several years. Although she lacked by nature the dewiness of Beriosova in the same part, her clean dancing and thoughtful characterisation were good to see. She was not over-helped by the stolidity of Desmond Doyle as the Young Man.

Annette Page had danced the part of *La Capricciosa* in *The Lady and the Fool*, when the ballet was part of the Theatre Ballet's repertory, but this was her first appearance in the amended Covent Garden version. Her portrayal of a girl naively attempting sophistication proved touching, although the grandeur that is perhaps needed to make the part completely convincing was missing.

Clive Barnes

FESTIVAL BALLET AT FESTIVAL HALL

The Birthday Gala

EVERY year Festival Ballet gives a birthday party and, unlike most occasions of this kind, it is they who give *us* gifts which take on the form of guest artists or some ballet creation. This year's festivities, at Festival Hall on September 5, were designed entirely for

enjoyment with nothing heavy to dampen the obvious goodwill which flowed backwards and forwards across the footlights.

It is hard to know why we had to be subjected to Vaughan Williams's *The Wasps* Overture, which did nothing much other than contribute extra length to an already long evening of dancing. This was followed by Charnley's *Symphony for Fun*, which is always good for putting the sparkle into a gala evening.

The first interval was followed by the Marcello *Concerto* which David Lichine has tacked onto his Vivaldi *Concerto*, created several years ago. This was reviewed last month by Clive Barnes, and I find that I have little to add to his comments. It was very well danced by the company and by Marilyn Burr in particular. Choreographically I found it rather distressingly unmusical in spite of some inventive groupings. I fail to see why an experienced choreographer such as Lichine has to get his dancers into complicated positions for no rhyme or reason, whilst ignoring the content of the music and its obvious flow.

The two guests of the evening were our always welcome friends Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine, now stars of the Paris Opéra. They gave Skibine's *Annabel Lee*, based on Edgar Allan Poe's poem about the two lovers, one of whom is drowned. I have always liked this *pas de deux* since I first saw it at the Cambridge Theatre some years ago, when both artists were with Le Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas. It is touching and full of atmosphere. Its very simplicity is effective, and the choreography never intrudes upon the sung accompaniment (excellently sung, on this occasion, by Dermot Troy); rather does it act as an extension of it. There are few ballet poets better than Skibine, and he brought all his usual worried charm to the rôle and his dancing proved that he has completely recovered from his recent foot injury. Tallchief was all innocence in the title rôle, and for a few brief seconds it was possible to see her prodigious technique, which was otherwise never much in evidence, though she realised completely the rather tender nature of the part. These two

LINE OF STARS: John Gilpin, André Prokovsky, Flemming Flindt and Louis Godfrey in Anton Dolin's *Variations for Four*, first given at the Festival Ballet gala on September 5.

A MALE GROUP: Flindt, Godfrey, Gilpin and Prokovsky in one of the opening groups in Dolin's *Variations for Four*.

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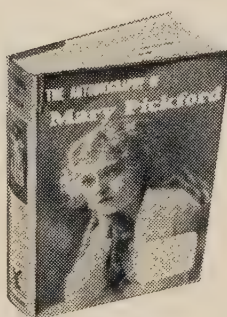
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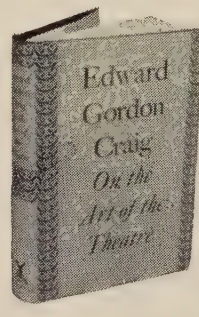
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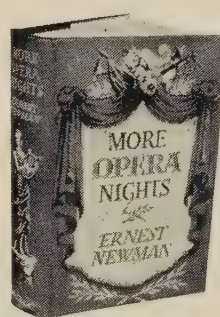
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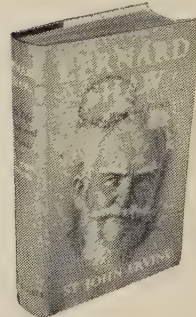
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made very distinguished guests, and I hope they will be able to appear with Festival Ballet more often in the future.

The centre-piece of the evening was a work designed to show the four male stars of the company:

Variations for Four

Choreography by Anton Dolin. Music by Marguerite Keogh, orchestrated by Richard Temple Savage. Costumes by Tom Lingwood.

Cast

JOHN GILPIN FLEMMING FLINDT
LOUIS GODFREY ANDRÉ PROKOVSKY

FOR many years Dolin's ballerina-piece, *The Pas de Quatre*, has served as an admirable vehicle for displaying some of the greatest ballerinas of our time. Now Dolin has attempted to do the same thing for the male dancer. It is an attempt which has come off, though in this case it is rather more personal owing to the fact that it was built around the particular qualities of the principal dancers in his own company. A great deal of the charm of his *The Pas de Quatre* is that it is an evocation of a divertissement designed for the four great ballerinas of the Romantic era in the last century, a museum piece which can be equally effective today. Unless these four male dancers in question achieve world fame such as was enjoyed by those ballerinas then the work will obviously have less interest to posterity.

The four dancers walk onto the bare stage, take their places and then embark on an *ensemble*. Very difficult it is, too, as from four stars a *corps de ballet* precision is expected. Apart from an occasional slight wobble here and there, they came through with flying colours.

The first solo was given to the company's newcomer—André Prokovsky. The variation was obviously designed to show his elevation more than anything else. He soared into the air with a Bolshoi ease and scored one of the great hits of the evening. In other steps he still seems to have the untidiness of youth, but his natural exuberance, slightly muted on this occasion owing quite understandably to first-night nerves, can easily be fined down and moulded into the grooves of pure classicism. Here is, indeed, a dancer to watch, and I should be very surprised if in a year's time he is not yet another of the outstanding male stars which Festival Ballet is in the habit of giving us. Firm discipline and schooling is what he needs and this is probably what he will get in Dolin's company.

Flemming Flindt, who followed, has developed since he joined Festival Ballet into one of the most elegant dancers of our time. The elegance was always there even when he was a very young student in the Royal Danish Ballet School, but his stay with the British company has burnished off the rough edges, tempered his once-too-generous smile, and produced the finished artist who can present himself upon the stage with classic dignity. He is now a star personality who has justly won tremendous acclaim during the company's continental tours. His variation mainly showed his beautiful line, elevation and *batterie*.

A complete contrast came with Louis Godfrey, whose solo was almost a character variation. The music bore a strong resemblance to one of Bournonville's Danish ballets and the solo appeared to have a similarity to the Bournonville variation which Godfrey gives with such aplomb in the company's version of *Napoli*.

John Gilpin can do almost anything he is given to dance, and Dolin did not spare him—he gave him "the works," from the slow controlled steps of an *adage* to the brilliant virtuosity of *allegro*. At one moment he sank into a beautiful *penché attitude*, then a few moments later he was whirling around the stage in a *grand manège*. It amounted to one of the most

difficult variations possibly ever given to a male dancer. Nevertheless, Gilpin went through it all with such apparent ease that it looked as simple as cutting cheesecake.

In the end the four dancers returned to send the audience into a frenzy of cheering with a whirling *finale*. Several companies might be able to show technicians of their equal, but I doubt if many could show four with such elegance.

The music was mainly undistinguished though apt for dancing. Tom Lingwood's costumes were strictly classical in various shades of blue.

To top off this birthday evening the company gave its *Graduation Ball*, which was notable for a wonderful performance by Natalie Krassovska as the Sylphide in the *Sylphide and Scotsman pas de deux*, very ably partnered by Jean-Pierre Alban. If she had not proved to be quite our conception of Taglioni in *The Pas de Quatre* a few nights previously, she certainly made ample amends on this occasion. I have never seen this rather incongruous Romantic reverie better danced.

Peter Williams

BULGARIAN STATE DANCE COMPANY

HOW many folk dance companies have we seen since the war? A thousand? Probably less. In theory I am all in favour of ethnic dance, but I find myself less favourably disposed towards the choral singing that those folk companies nearly always include in their programmes. As soon as I see those serried ranks of peasant choristers, with the fresh-faced boys and apple-cheeked girls in merry national dress, a rebellious red-mist floats in front of my eyes like murder. All their songs, whether of mountain flirtations or rustic tragedy, all sound monotonously alike to me.

However happy I might be, once fortified with a few glasses of the national spirit, to encounter these songs in their homeland, in the remorselessly artificial atmosphere of the theatre, they depress me.

So if I did not appreciate the Bulgarian State Dancers, who opened a brief London season at the Festival Hall on September 9, as much as I should have done, it was because there were too many cheerful peasant girls singing too many cheerful peasant songs.

The dancing, when and as it came, seemed, as on the company's previous visit to London two years ago, a little heavy-footed. The basic dance is a circular ensemble called a *hora*, which bears some superficial resemblance to the Yugoslav *kolo*, but is rather less interesting in its variations. Furthermore, of all the Central and Eastern European troupes to visit us, the Bulgarians lay the least stress on individual virtuosity.

Not that all the programme was unrewarding. A few numbers had very considerable merit. Yet their occurrence was too infrequent to make the evening wholeheartedly enjoyable. Outstanding among the items was a charming dance for three puppets, a skating dance, and a fantastically dressed carnival folk dance called *Kukeri*.

The other highlight of the evening was the Hare Dance (*Zaeshkata*) retained from the company's previous programme in London. This amusingly characterised imitative dance tells of three hares, an aged hunter and his yelping dog.

The programme ended well with a fast-moving and exciting *hora* for the entire company that had all the vigour and vitality that certain other parts of the programme lacked. But then the real difficulty is that any folk dance companies coming to our shores now must be compared to the Moiseyev company, the Poles, the Hungarians and the Basques, and the competition is, to say the very least, formidable.

Clive Barnes

THE ROYAL BALLET AT THE MET.

THE Royal Ballet opened its four-week New York engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House on September 8 with a performance of *The Sleeping Beauty* that was altogether superb. Despite the sweltering weather, an overflow audience was on hand to welcome this well-loved company back to America. Alicia Markova and Ruth St. Denis were in the distinguished audience, as were ex-President Truman and his entire family, Agnes de Mille, Gladys Cooper, Cyril Ritchard, Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, and a host of other notables in the field of government and the arts.

Speaking of the freshness of the company in the next day's *New York Times*, John Martin wrote, "This ability to create its repertoire anew every time the curtain rises is one of the things that make the Royal Ballet the great company it is. Its standards are unchanging yet, paradoxically, it gets better all the time." Again, Margot Fonteyn came off with the lion's share of applause and raves in the press the next day, but several other aspects of the performance were also noteworthy. Among these were Rowena Jackson as The Fairy of the Golden Vine, and again in The Blue Bird *pas de deux* with Brian Shaw, the latter receiving the most tumultuous ovation of the evening. Frederick Ashton, despite his recent leg injury, was still wonderful as Carabosse and Pirmin Trecu was outstanding in the Florestan variation. Svetlana Beriosova's Lilac Fairy seemed lacking in authority and was aloof, though she moved beautifully as always. Hugo Rignold, the company's new musical director, conducted the ballet score with vigour, although it must be added that his newly-assembled orchestra had trouble playing *The Star Spangled Banner* correctly.

The second performance of *The Sleeping Beauty* had virtually the same cast as at the gala premiere with the exception of Nadia Nerina as Aurora, David Blair as Prince Florimund, Anya Linden as the Lilac Fairy, Valerie Taylor as the Fairy of the Woodland Glades, and Phillip Chatfield as the First Prince. Nerina's performance was a charming one, her extensions and elevations were especially commendable, but her musical phrasing left something to be desired. Blair's Prince was regal and authoritative, but a bit pompous and stiff. One supposes that these characteristics can be put down to first performance nervousness. On the other hand, Anya Linden made a most winning Lilac Fairy, though it must be added that neither hers nor Beriosova's characterisation has the command and inner resource that Beryl Grey brought to this important rôle in previous seasons.

The third and fourth performances of the season were devoted to a triple bill which included the American premiere of Frederick Ashton's *Birthday Offering*, a re-staging of *Les Patineurs* and Fokine's *Petrushka*. Of the three, Ashton's glorious new work came off with by far the greatest honours. The newly-enlarged *Les Patineurs* seemed lacking in sharpness and the addition of ensemble dancers added little to the charm of this work, as we had remembered it previously.

Oddly enough, *Petrushka* was the major disappointment of the programme. What we were given was a carefully-studied version of this master-work of another era that seemed infinitely more British in character than Russian. Walter Terry found Fonteyn's performance of the Ballerina "one of the most disappointing enactments she has ever offered her immense public." In the title rôle Alexander Grant gave a subdued portrayal that was quite remarkable visually, though his movements appeared externalised rather than coming from within.

Peter Clegg was acceptable as the Blackamoor, but only Frederick Ashton as the Showman gave a dominating portrayal.

Also notable were Stella Farrance and Georgina Parkinson as two gypsy girls and Ray Powell and Basil Thompson as two stable boys. Certainly it is the right of any company to revive such works from the past as *The Firebird* and *Petrushka*, though neither seem dated enough in an especially wonderful way to touch us and move us today as do many of the earlier classics. In the case of the obviously costly and beautifully-mounted *Petrushka* one also wonders whether or not it might not have been better for the repertory, and certainly no more expensive, to mount instead a new work like Frederick Ashton's *Romeo and Juliet*.

During the rest of its three-week engagement in New York the Royal Ballet offered the American premières of *The Prince of the Pagodas*, *La Péri*, *Noctambules* and *Solitaire*, in addition to the regular classical ballets. Reports on all of these works and a summary of the New York season will appear in the next issue.

Arthur Todd

Full reports from America by Arthur Todd, and from France by Marie-Françoise Christout, will be resumed next month.

MOSCOW '57

continued from page 12

Leningrad school is every bit as good as the Bolshoi school. If anything, it has choreographers of greater refinement and teaches greater purity of line.

This impression was confirmed at the evening of ballet at the Dynamo Stadium, where the combined forces of the Kirov and the Maly Theatre staged a mammoth spectacle before some 50,000 spectators. The evening was intended as consolation for the many Festival participants who had not managed to get tickets (though many did get in without tickets by such tricks as saying that their wives had got in—whether they were married or not—or simply refusing to understand what they were told at the door!). It was also meant to show that there was also a Leningrad ballet, and to give Leningrad's dancers a chance to come to the Festival. *Swan Lake* Act II in a version more closely resembling our own was danced with a *corps de ballet* of over a hundred. *Pas de deux* and waltzes were danced simultaneously by six soloists on three stages after the manner of an American three-ringed circus. I saw the Dance of the Precious Stones from Prokofiev's *The Stone Flower*. The music was not the best

Prokofiev had written, but the scene had incredible beauty danced on a transparent stage lit from below.

I saw also the scene containing the Sabre Dance from Khatchaturian's *Gayaneh*, with its incredible leaps. The programme informed me that I saw Alla Shellest, Dudinstseva and the famed partner Sergeyev, but I cannot in all honesty say I saw them, as the distance from the centre stage on which they performed was too great. Ulanova's *Dying Swan* was also scheduled, but a cold wind blew and it was considered unsafe for her to appear. But one felt that those who had seen only the Bolshoi in London had not seen the summit of Soviet ballet but only a sample. The sample was backed by a reserve army that was equally good.

I cannot conclude without mentioning the mass display of folk-dancing, gymnastics and athletics at the opening ceremony of the Festival. I had come expecting the worst. I came away with a sense of having discovered a new art form, whose potentialities had not, as yet, been exploited fully. The athletic and gymnastic displays were, for the most part, a set of formal patterns varied rhythmically to time with the music. Here and there one could detect in some of the ribbon waving the influence of Chinese dancing. The same medium

could be used to enact epic ballets—scenes from the Revolution, or the Trojan Wars. In the massed folk-dancing display the State dance ensemble of each of the Soviet Republics took turns at being the soloists at the centre of the stadium. The others did not simply stand by, but provided an intricate choreographic counterpoint which served to enhance whatever was going on at the centre. The result was unbelievable—here was a mass of some 17 dance ensembles, each with its own style, costumes and traditions welded into a gigantic spectacle no part of which was meaningless.

I got into heated disputes about the merits of such mass displays with several fellow-members of the British delegation, who thought the whole thing "totalitarian." No doubt such displays do fulfil certain symbolic needs. They do, indeed, represent a synthesis of music and gymnastics such as Plato advocated. But as I see things, they are "totalitarian" only in the sense in which totalitarian régimes alone seem to find a way of surmounting the commercial obstacles to the use of such an art form. There does not seem to be anything intrinsically wrong in a cross between athletics and ballet, or in a thousand persons realising a choreographic pattern before an audience of many thousands.

XIMENEZ-VARGAS

continued from page 21

achieve depth and dignity in her *Siguriyas* though she is a promising dancer who improves all the time. The most interesting item in this suite was a pair of prison songs, *Carceleras*, well arranged for Manolo Vargas, who suffered beautifully as the prisoner.

Every Spanish male dancer seems to dance a *Zapateado* these days and our ear drums are weak from the stamping and heel-tapping that goes on, but certainly one of the best of them is the "red shoes" one which Ximenez has made famous. It amounts to as deft an exhibi-

tion of footwork as we are likely to find north of the Guadalquivir. Admire it as I do, I would like to see this fine artist in some other flamenco solo.

The company wound up the programme with the usual but always welcome *Cuadro Flamenco*. Mercedes produced some highly exaggerated arm movements and facial expressions in her *Tientos*, while Salcedo's *Alegrias* was unsupple. The best moments came from Ximenez and Vargas in a *Farucca* and Pepita Reyes and Jose Lopez in the *Bulerias*.

What this company has achieved in a short time is amazing. It now needs to develop its personalities.

COVER STORY

This month's front cover, by Houston Rogers, is of Anne Heaton as The Young Chatelaine in Andrée Howard's *La Fête Etrange*. This distinguished British work is in the repertoire of the Royal Ballet (formerly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet).

HEATON was born in Birmingham. She first studied under Janet Cranmore and from 1942 at the Sadler's Wells School,

joining the Theatre Ballet on its formation in 1946. She immediately took principal rôles and created a number of new ones—in Franca's *Khadra*, Ashton's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*. Howard's *Assembly Ball* and *Mardi Gras* among others. In 1948, she joined the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, in which company she danced many important parts including the title rôle in *Giselle*. In 1955 she rejoined the Theatre Ballet as its ballerina, dancing the title rôle in *Giselle*, *Swanilda* in *Coppélia*, also appearing in the company's contemporary repertoire.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET (formerly Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet)

- Oct.
14 The Opera House, Manchester
21 The Kings Theatre, Edinburgh
28 His Majesty's, Aberdeen
Nov.
4 The Kings Theatre, Glasgow
11 The Lyceum, Sheffield
18 The Grand Theatre, Leeds
25 New Theatre, Hull
Dec.
26 The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (performances on Jan. 1, 2, 4, 10, 11, 16, 18)

Tour programmes for each town.

- Mon. *Les Sylphides*, *House of Birds*, *Pineapple Poll*
Tues. *Les Patineurs*, *La Fête Etrange*, *Blood Wedding*
Wed. *Les Sylphides*, *House of Birds*, *Pineapple Poll*
Thurs. *Solitaire*, *Giselle*
Fri. *Les Patineurs*, *La Fête Etrange*, *Blood Wedding*
Sat. (M & E) *Coppélia*

(NOTE: Whatever day the mid-week matinee falls on, the matinees and evening performances will then be *Solitaire* and *Giselle*; the announced programme will be substituted on Thursday.)

OCT. FESTIVAL BALLET

- 14 The Pavilion, Bournemouth
21 The Palace, Plymouth
28 The Hippodrome, Bristol
Nov.
4 The Empire, Sheffield
11 The Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham
18 The Palace, Manchester (2 weeks)
Dec.
2 The Hippodrome, Brighton
24 The Royal Festival Hall, London (3 weeks)

NOV. BALLET RAMBERT

- 18 The City Hall, Cork
25 The Gaiety Theatre, Dublin
Jan.
20 Arts Council tour of Scotland (4 weeks)
Feb.
17 The Little Theatre, Middlesbrough (These dates are subject to alteration.)

NEW YORK NEGRO BALLET

New company of 30 dancers
Provincial tour prior to London season

- Oct.
14 The Grand Theatre, Leeds
21 New Theatre, Cardiff

THE NATIONAL BALLET AND DANCE THEATRE OF ISRAEL

at the Theatre Royal
Drury Lane, London

Oct. 21 for three weeks.

Nov. Provincial Tour

- 11 Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool
18 The King's Theatre, Glasgow
25 The Opera House, Manchester
Dec.
2 The Grand Theatre, Leeds
9 The Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon
16 Gaiety Theatre, Dublin

THE URAL STATE ENSEMBLE

at the Theatre Royal,
Drury Lane, London

Nov. 11 for three weeks.

MARCEL MARCEAU FRENCH MIME CO.

at the Cambridge Theatre, London
Oct. 14 for four weeks.

THE BOLSHOI BALLET at the Gaumont Cinema, Haymarket, London

From Oct. 17.
Film of the Bolshoi Ballet's concert performance at Croydon, also Galina Ulanova in *Giselle*.

NEXT MONTH

In the December (Christmas Number) of DANCE & DANCERS LOOK FOR

An exclusive interview with ULANOVA, The Chinese tour of BALLET RAMBERT with pictures. Ballet Perspectives: 2—THE NUTCRACKER with the designs by ALEXANDRE BENOIS for Festival Ballet's new production. THE ROYAL BALLET in America, full report by Arthur Todd. FESTIVAL IN SEVILLE, full report with many new pictures. PILAR LOPEZ in Dublin and Paris, new pictures by ROY ROUND. Accent on the Male—the first in a new series about the world's male dancers, starting with ALEXANDER GRANT. INBAL IN LONDON, reviews and pictures of the Israeli company at Drury Lane.

Many topical features and suggestions for records and books as Christmas presents. All the usual features.

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